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Children's Newspaper, August 9, 1930

The C.N. at Any House on Earth for 11s a Year
See back page

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE NOBODY WHO WAS SOMEBODY

See Page Two

THE CHINESE BANDIT

ADVENTURES OF TWO ENGLISH LADIES

The Scattering of a Defeated Rebel Army

CONSULS TO THE RESCUE

A brave story has come from China of women missionaries held to ransom and rescued, and of other missionaries released from the most perilous position in the lines of rebel armies.

The rescue was made by the cool daring of the British and American consuls at Foochow. These two daring young fellows, Mr A. J. Martin and Mr Muccio, took a launch and, flying the British and American flags (symbol of the Anglo-American Naval Agreement just signed), steamed about a hundred miles up the Min River to where the rebel forces were entrenched, and where the missionaries were held.

Held to Ransom

Two of the missionaries were women, Miss E. J. Harrison of Cookley, near Kidderminster, and Miss Edith Nettleton of Halifax, and these had fallen into the hands of one of the bands of brigands which in China follow in the wake of armies. If a rebel army is defeated it scatters. The forces composing it melt away inland, taking their rifles with them and living on the country.

It is these brigands who are the greatest menace to the peaceful inhabitants. The two women missionaries fell into their hands, and their captors raised an immediate demand for ransom. As in the case reported in the C.N. a few weeks ago they took their captives to some place where they were not easily to be found and where they themselves would be free from disturbance by the rebel generals.

For some days before Mr Martin and Mr Muccio had started from Foochow alarming reports reached them of what would happen to the captives if the ransom were not paid. But the two rescuers took the courageous course of going first to the rebel general.

A Happy Ending

The general, having no quarrel with Great Britain and the United States, listened in the most polite and friendly way to what the consuls had to say, and unhesitatingly released the forty-five British and American missionaries who were within his lines. It seems likely that he was glad to be rid of the dangerous responsibility of keeping them there. Rebel leaders in China are frequently men of importance, and the time might well come when this action would be counted for righteousness.

The Chinese general did more. He indicated to Mr Martin where the bandits who held the two women to ransom were likely to be found. Armed with this information, and with the prestige conferred on them by the evident friendliness of the general, the consuls boldly went on and bearded the bandits in their lair. Thoroughly alarmed by this time, the bandits released their captives without demur. The consuls brought Miss Harrison and Miss Nettleton back to the launch, and the crowded but joyous craft steamed back down the Min to Foochow.

It was a happy ending to a perilous adventure, which the prompt courage of the young Englishman and American robbed of some of its dangers. If their action had been less ready the missionaries might have died of starvation.

Little doubt that when they were safe again in Foochow the verse of the Psalm was in many of their minds: "Though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." The men and women who go as missionaries to China brave perils as real as those which once confronted the Christian missionaries to Britain.

Friends on the Farm



Two of the ducks that were exhibited in the great Poultry Show at the Crystal Palace are seen here with a little friend on a Hertfordshire farm.

TWO OLD BORES

What Shall We Do With Them?

Not far from the Tower are two tunnels under the Thames which nobody wants. The Underground Railway will sell or let them.

Our grandfathers knew one of them as *the* Thames Tunnel, and used proudly to point to it as a sign of progress. The two together cost three-quarters of a million pounds to bore, but they did not fulfil their early promise. They remain as the pioneer tunnels, unused and derelict. Anyone with a taste in Tubes might rent one of them cheaply and use it for a warehouse. As living quarters the tunnels would be too damp.

Some day, perhaps, an enterprising owner will enlarge their bore, which is at present over a foot smaller than present-day Tubes and offer them as a relief to London traffic. But at present they are merely pathetic bores.

A LINNET'S FESTAL DAY

The Brightest Wedding of the Year

LIBERTY, NOBILITY, AND A TOUCH OF TRUE FRATERNITY

By Our Country Girl

A linnet crouched in its cage in an East End dealer's shop.

The bird, born to be a free citizen of the sky, was a wretched prisoner.

In the dark, noisy, evil-smelling shop the bird tried endlessly to stretch his wings and break free.

One day an elderly man came into the shop, looked round, and bought the linnet.

It was the luckiest moment in the bird's life, if he could only have known it, but at first things seemed no better. The cage hung in a house instead of a shop; that was all.

A Bride's Thank-Offering

But soon there came a strange noise. Nobody told the linnet that it was the sound of wedding bells. Then crowds of people came to the house, all as happy as the linnet had been when he was free. There was a pretty girl in pretty plumage; she was his new master's daughter, the bride.

The wedding was over, the reception was over, and before the bride and bridegroom went away there was one more thing to be done. The bride took the cage out of the house into the sunlit open air and undid the door.

Off flew the linnet with a burst of joyous song.

The bride and the bridegroom at this wedding were both bird lovers, and as a thank-offering for the happiness that had come to them they had ransomed one bird prisoner!

A Song of Freedom

The linnet's thrilling song of delight at finding himself free must have inspired more joy than the old-fashioned champagne offered to guests at most weddings. And are not our lovers more original than the couples who, in trying to be original, get married in an aeroplane or under the sea? If the linnet could speak, he would, we feel sure, tell you that it was the brightest wedding of the year.

Certainly a marriage so begun should lead to a golden life, and be blessed by all the poets.

YOUNG BRADMAN

Donald Bradman, a minister from New South Wales told the Wesleyan Conference at Leeds, is a staunch Methodist and figures largely in young people's work. He attends the services regularly when he is at home.

We may also add that this brilliant young batsman is a teetotaller and a non-smoker.

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A NEW NATION FOR THE LEAGUE

MESOPOTAMIA

First Mandate Under the League to Come to an End

TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP

One of the Mandates by which the League of Nations has placed the government of foreign parts of the world in the hands of more powerful and experienced nations is about to disappear, because it is felt that the country can now manage its own affairs. That country is Mesopotamia, the ancient land of Iraq as we call it now. Its king is visiting England.

Great Britain may justly feel proud of the fact that she is the first of the Mandatory Powers to achieve this desirable end.

A Pledge of Peace

The British Government has promised that in 1932 she will support Iraq's admission to the League of Nations as an independent nation; and if Iraq is so admitted into the League, Britain's mandatory responsibilities will end.

Though Iraq will be independent the close relations that have existed since the war between that country and Britain will not cease. A new Treaty of Alliance tells clearly how the two countries will remain bound together in friendship and mutual help.

First, the Treaty pledges them to perpetual peace and friendship. They promise each other full and frank consultation about all matters of foreign policy that may affect their common interests. They agree that if Iraq should have difficulties with any other State, Iraq and Britain shall consult together how the dispute can be settled by the League.

The Air Route to the East

The Treaty does not contemplate the withdrawal of all British military forces from Iraq. On the contrary, for the possible defence of Iraq against attack and the protection of essential British communications, provision is made for air bases and forces are to be maintained for five years "to enable the King of Iraq to organise the necessary forces to replace them."

No doubt many British people will complain that our country is still tied by this Treaty to a close cooperation with Iraq involving considerable responsibility and expense; but that is caused by the geographical position of Iraq along the direct air route to the East, and by its proximity to regions and races not yet emancipated from the impulse toward war. No one knows what unrest may spring up among the desert tribes of Arabia, or the predatory Kurds who live between the borders of Turkey, Persia, and Iraq. The Treaty of Alliance gives time to Iraq for a further consolidation of the peaceful government which Britain has instituted, and membership of the League will give the country closer touch with the world's best political thought and ideals.

A BAD THING

We used to pride ourselves on being a law-abiding people in England, but it seems that times have changed.

An Act of Parliament in 1925 forbade the use of bird-lime.

In a recent issue of a weekly paper there were two advertisements of bird-lime offered along with bird nets and traps.

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds wrote to the advertisement manager, who replied that "lime is used for catching rats, mice, and many other purposes." A strange sentence from every point of view.

Whether we believe that it is cruel to cage wild birds or not, we must believe that it is a bad thing to find people flouting an Act of Parliament five years old.

THE NOBODY WHO WAS SOMEBODY

The Odd Character of William Christian Paul

A strange character has died in a little room in a New York suburb. His name was William Christian Paul, and he was a clerk employed by the Metropolitan Insurance Company.

If his neighbours thought about him at all they thought of him as the most ordinary person in the world. He seemed just a middle-aged, unsuccessful, uninteresting bachelor.

Then this nobody died at 57, and left his entire estate to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The neighbourhood was amazed to find that the clerk's home was full of treasures. In trunks, boxes, and cupboards there lurked a wonderful collection of Chinese textiles.

Unique Collection

For over 20 years the clerk had been quietly pursuing his strange hobby. It began when in 1908 he had to make a voyage for his health, and saw a piece of Chinese stuff that attracted him. Since then he has acquired 1065 specimens, and his unique collection now represents the history of Chinese textiles during four centuries.

Nobody seems to know quite how he got his flair for good specimens, but he rarely made a mistake, and the dealers respected him. It is said that when they got a particularly rare piece they liked to take it to the clerk instead of the millionaire; he had less money but more knowledge.

So the Nobody was, after all, a connoisseur and an expert.

THE FIRST MAN'S BRIDGE

Tarr Steps on Exmoor

OLDEST STEPPING-STONES IN ENGLAND

Somerset County Council has earned everyone's gratitude by making good the damage that had been done to Tarr Steps on Exmoor.

Learned men believe that Tarr Steps is the oldest bridge in England; Professor Boyd Dawkins believed it was built in the Bronze Age.

When the first man wanted to cross a stream without getting wet, and there was no fallen tree handy, he made stepping-stones. Then one clever man thought of laying flat stones across the stepping-stones, linking them together. Thus Tarr Steps was built in line with an ancient British trackway. It is 180 feet long, with piers made of boulders topped by seven-foot slabs.

Some of the stones were displaced by floods last winter, but twentieth century hands have put them back as they were put by prehistoric hands.

We can see Tarr Bridge again as it was when the Bronze Age man travelled across it with goods to barter or a wild boar slung under a spear. Tarr Steps bridge the centuries as well as the Barle.

TO THINK OF WHEN YOU ARE SHOPPING

The other day a pleasant thing happened in a Somerset town. The freedom of Chard was presented to one who had been a shop assistant in the town and is now Minister of Labour.

Was her old employer there? Did he remember interviewing a nervous girl called Bondfield years ago, deciding to give her a chance, and after a while saying to his partner, "That new girl will get on. She has brains. I should not be surprised if she ended up as manager."

She has ended up in the Cabinet. It is a wholesome thought that the girl who sells us ribbon today may be ruling in Whitehall a few years hence. It is worth while to think of this possibility when we are shopping.

A NEW LAKE DISTRICT FOR ENGLAND?

Flood Waters of the Thames

WHAT TO DO WITH THEM

England will have a new lake district if the Earl of Mayo's new scheme for storing the surplus water of the Thames is adopted.

This scheme for preventing future floods would cost three million pounds, only one-third of the money required for the canalisation of the river on which work has already begun.

To relieve the overloaded river bed four huge artificial lakes would be formed in the Thames watershed near Oxford, Bourton, and Newbury, and in these the flood water of the river and its tributaries would be collected during the winter and spring. As soon as the Thames waters fell during the summer the lake reservoirs would open their sluices and drain in preparation for the next winter floods.

For years we have been famous for our management of rivers in other lands; it is high time we managed our own. Lord Mayo has consulted Mr A. B. Buckley, who has helped to control the Nile at times when it has discharged 20 times more water than the Thames, so that the scheme lately brought before the Thames Valley branch of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England is no wild project of an amateur.

Big improvements usually mean sacrifice in some form and land would be needed for the lakes. Some people would inevitably be asked to put themselves out for the sake of the larger community. It is unlikely that they would raise obstacles to such a scheme, which would avert tragedies of the future and make dry homes for Thames-side bungalow dwellers in the wettest winters to come.

OCEAN SPEAKS TO OCEAN

The Wonders that Never Cease

A PLANE TO A SHIP

An airman floating two miles above Buenos Aires wished to speak to a White Star liner 400 miles from the English coast. He called it up.

This will be a common affair some years hence, but the circumstances of this telephone call deserve mention, because it is the first example of one sort of wireless communication between earth and sea and sky that the future has in store.

The airman, Captain Lewis Yancey, had his own wireless on the plane. He spoke through it. His words were received in Buenos Aires. The big transmitting station there wirelessed them to Madrid. From Madrid the message of the airman travelled over the telephone lines to France.

From France it dived beneath the Channel through the cable till it reached Rugby. The Hillmorton station transmitted it to the liner Majestic, then 400 miles away from the English coast.

It was a communication which would not be simple today unless previous arrangements were made, and Captain Lewis Yancey's conversation with a friend on a ship 8000 miles away was, in some way, fortunate in finding no interruptions.

But the time will come when the passengers of the air-mails which will cross between the Western and Eastern hemispheres by way of Greenland and Iceland, using stations there as air ports, will be able to call up telephone numbers in three or four continents and converse with them as readily as if they were in the next cabin.

The ocean of the air will be linked to the ocean of the sea.

AGRICULTURE IS NOT HOPELESS

AN IDEA WITH PROSPERITY IN IT

Bring Science to the Farmer and Save Millions

TOO MUCH FOOD AND TOO MANY HUNGRY

It is one of the ironies of our time that countries such as America, Canada, Australia, and even England, have so much food in store that they cannot market it, while at the same time there are famine areas in China, and people in Russian cities stand for hours in queues waiting for bread and vegetables.

We hear so much of ships from every sea bringing food to our ports that we are apt to forget that our own land makes a prodigious contribution to our own tables. Who would dream that the food grown in our country, and sold wholesale, returns annually 200 million pounds to the farmers? Such is the surprising figure recently laid before a conference of experts at Balliol College by Mr Montague Fordham.

Suggested Reforms

That huge figure is attended by an expenditure even greater, for Mr Fordham estimates that the cost of distribution and the conversion of those products into food amounts to 280 million pounds a year. That sum, he says, ought to be reduced, if the work were scientifically done, to about 160 millions.

If this were done, says Mr Fordham, it ought to be possible to raise the wages of agricultural workers to between 45 and 50 shillings a week. Supposing the suggested reforms in manufacture and distribution to be carried out, there would still remain 40 million pounds of the sum saved, and this, as Mr Fordham sees it, would naturally go to the reduction of prices, so that our home-grown food would be about eight per cent cheaper on the retail cost.

A Mysterious Gap

With their increased returns farmers and others would be able to employ at least a million more men on the land and in related industries. It seems a happy prospect, but how it is to be brought about Mr Fordham and his Rural Reconstruction Association is not able to tell us. Everything must have a beginning.

As it is, we are startlingly reminded that, in spite of the immense progress of our manufactures during the last century, agriculture remains, as it has always been, our foremost industry. There is, however, a mysterious gap between producer and consumer, internationally as well as locally. Townspeople may be hungry while the countryside is stacked with food; nations famish while corn gluts the markets; middlemen grow rich while agriculture is impoverished. It is all tragically absurd, and the only way any man can see out of it, we believe, is through the League of Nations.

THINGS SAID

In Western Canada there is hardly a house more than 40 years old.

Miss Marjorie Harrison

I have no sympathy with you fellows who don't get up in the morning.

Judge Crawford

The joy of a buyer's job is that he buys with other people's money.

Mr Harry Trethowan

There will probably come a time when a soldier will carry a week's food in his pocket. Professor Herbert R. Moody

I should have done better financially if, instead of devoting 20 years to my History of the Army, I had served 20 years as a private. Sir John Fortescue

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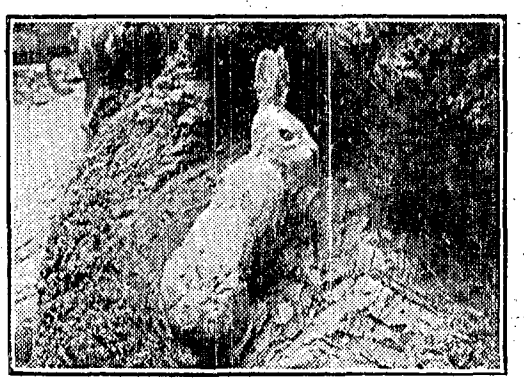
BARGE AS STUDIO · PETER PAN'S NEW FRIENDS · BRUIN AT LARGE



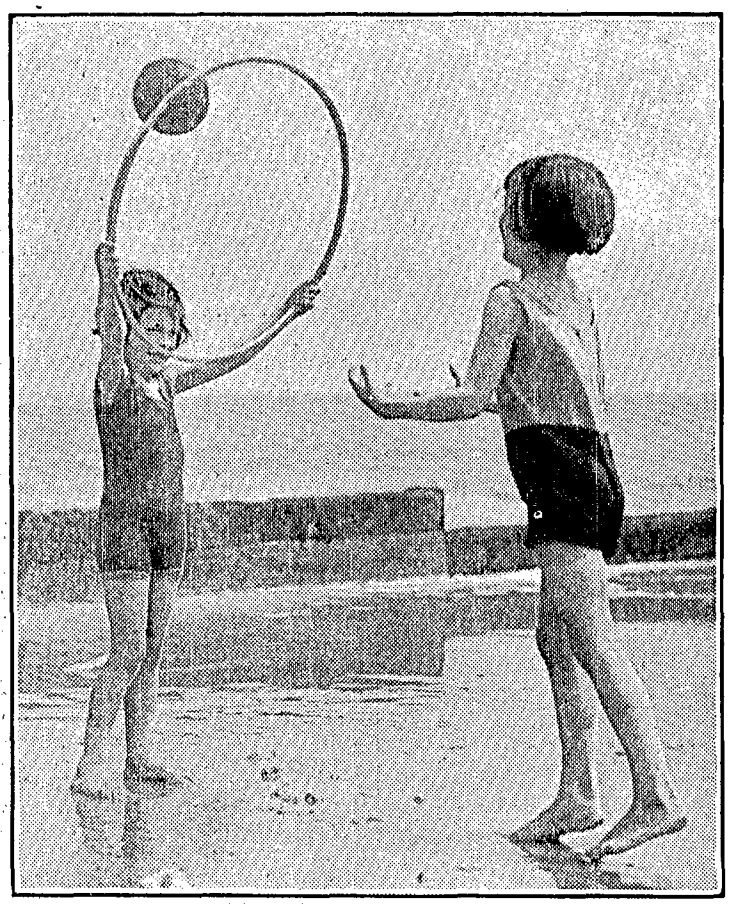
The Moving Pyramid—When the Chief Scout was present at a big rally in London he was much amused by the sight of these sturdy Scouts, who formed a moving pyramid.



Barge as Studio—Keen young artists of Chiswick County School are receiving instruction from Mr George Ayling, a well-known painter of river subjects, on a barge in the Thames.



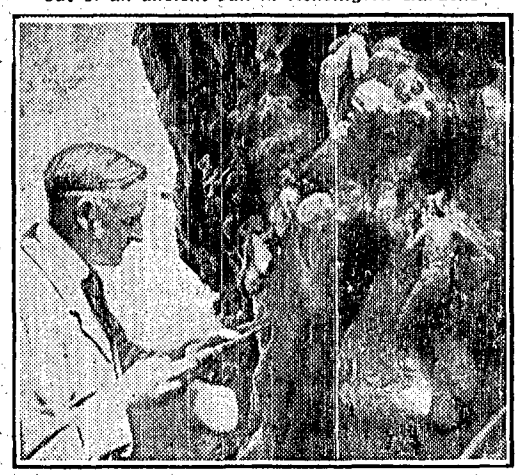
Brer Rabbit in Oak—A wooden rabbit is one of the little figures which Mr Innes, seen below, is carving out of an ancient oak in Kensington Gardens.



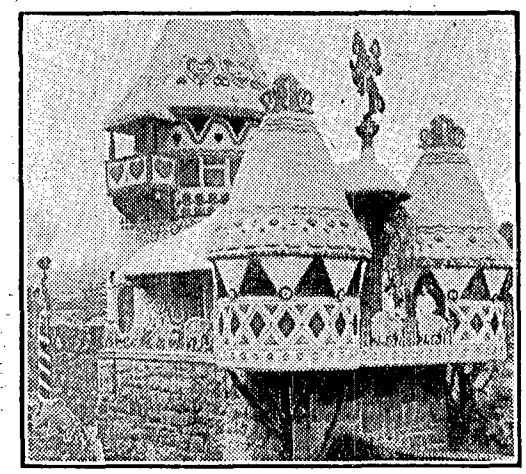
Unstudied Grace—While playing with their hoop and ball on the beach during their holidays at Eastbourne these children made a very graceful picture, which the photographer was quick to recognise and so preserved for us.



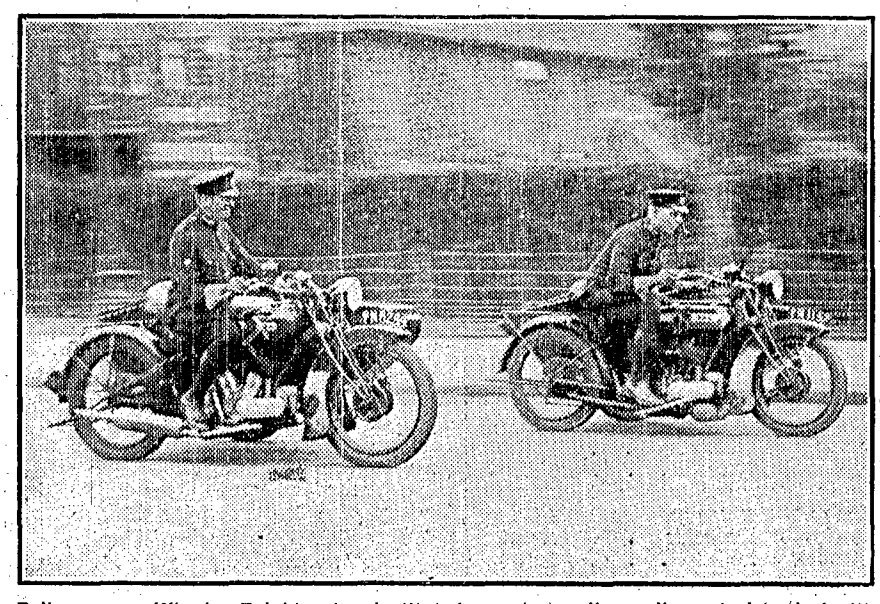
Bruin at Large—Feeling that it would like a change of scenery, perhaps, this brown bear escaped for a time from its enclosure at the London Zoo.



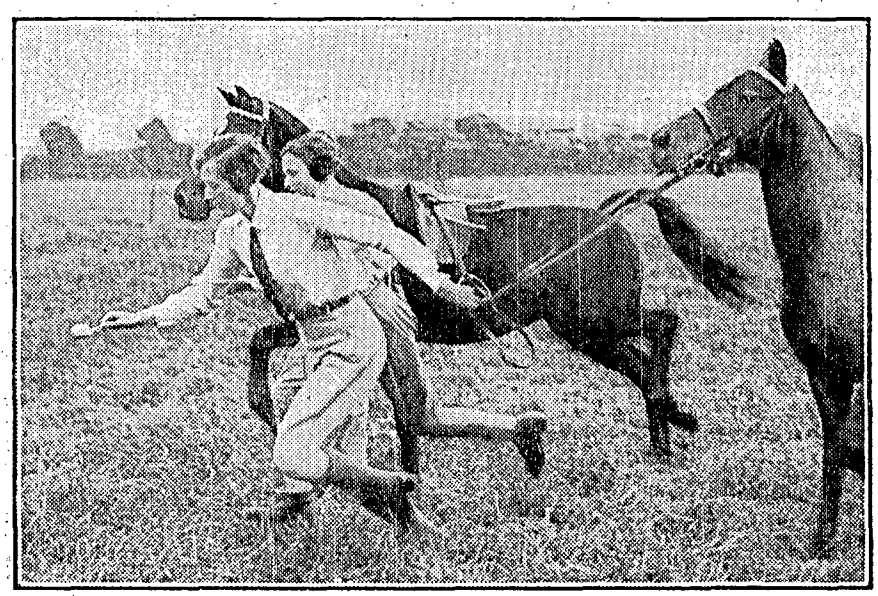
Peter Pan's New Friends—Mr Ivor Innes, a sculptor, is shown here carving elves, pixies, and other fairy-tale folk on the trunk of an oak tree in the Children's Playground in Kensington Gardens.



A Fairy-Tale House—This queer house, built near New York by a wealthy American, is a representation of the gingerbread house in the popular and ever-delightful fairy tale of Hansel and Gretel.



Policemen on Wheels—Brighton has instituted a motor-cycling police patrol to deal with motorists who offend against the traffic regulations. Here are two of the officers on duty.



A Thrilling Race—At any athletic meeting the egg-and-spoon race is an exciting event, but how much more so when the entrants have horses to manage, as shown here.

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LANCASHIRE AND ITS CHANCE

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE COTTON TRADE

The Fate of Six Hundred Thousand People in the Balance

RIVALRY OF JAPAN

The cotton industry in Lancashire is, we hope, on the eve of a reconstruction, and there appears no reason to despair if only Lancashire will resolutely face the facts.

Even last year, in bad trade, British cotton exports were worth 135 million pounds. *Indeed, if we take all the cotton exports of all the nations together Lancashire accounts for half of them.* What troubles Lancashire folk is that before the war Lancashire accounted for two-thirds of them, and now fears that the half may be further reduced. As there are 600,000 people engaged in and about the trade it matters very much that Lancashire should continue to succeed.

Economy in Japan

In the new competition which has sprung up Japan plays a very large part. Japanese cotton goods have been driving British products out of the Far Eastern market, especially India. The reason for this is fourfold: Japanese labour is cheaper; Japan is near the Indian and Chinese markets; Japan uses cheaper cotton; the Japanese industry has a superior organisation.

As to the first two of these things we can do nothing. As to cheaper cotton there seems little doubt that we buy cotton wastefully, there being too many middlemen. The Japanese buy on a large scale and save intermediate costs. Moreover, Japan uses a larger proportion of cheap Indian cotton, and this gives her a great advantage. Lastly, we come to the fourth point, the Japanese industrial organisation.

The Japanese cotton industry is in a few hands, so that the entire business is well organised without waste.

Wastage in England

On the other hand, the British cotton producers are legion. There is said to be something like 1800 firms carrying on cotton-spinning and weaving. Not only so, but there are some 700 merchants exporting our cotton goods. One great authority says that they are "without cohesion, without nucleus, loose, higgledy-piggledy, rushing hither and thither, jostling, chasing, fighting, the whole curious phenomenon involving an enormous wastage of money, energy, time, and power."

It should be understood that these remarks do not apply to the finishing sections of the trade, which are well organised; it is the actual producers that so badly lack organisation.

If we remember that the cotton spinners and manufacturers are distributed in 300 towns and villages we can understand that it is not easy for such a trade to hold its own against the closely-knit industry in Japan.

A NEW STATUE OF JESUS

The famous statue of Jesus in a pass of the Andes is at present the biggest in the world, 26 feet high with a base making it 46 feet.

Now a huge draped figure of Christ, with arms extended to have the appearance of a cross, is being erected on the lofty peak of Corcovado, overlooking the harbour of Rio de Janeiro in Brazil.

The height of the statue is to be 130 feet, and the base will contain a chapel. The material used for the statue is soapstone. A cog-wheel train will ascend the hill to the foot of the rock on which the statue will stand.

The chief difficulty is the support of the widely-extended arms.

The site is one of the most famous in the world for beauty.

ANOTHER SAILING SHIP DOOMED

Unwanted in Auckland Harbour

By Our New Zealand Correspondent

One of the last of the big ocean-going sailing-ships is to be dismantled.

For eight years the four-masted barque Rewa, of 2999 tons and 309 feet long, has been lying at anchor in Auckland Harbour, New Zealand. No one wants sailing-ships in these days of steamers and oil-driven ships.

Now the Auckland harbour-master has reported that her hull is in need of repair, and there is a danger of her sinking at her moorings and becoming a menace to shipping. Efforts to sell her have been in vain. She was offered to the New Zealand Government as a training-ship, but the offer was declined.

But what a story the big ship could tell of the brave days of sailing-ships! Her original name was the Alice A. Leigh, and she was launched at Whitehaven, Cumberland, in 1889. For thirty years she sailed the seas under her old name in the fleets of John Joyce and Company of Liverpool, being engaged in the trade with the ports of the Pacific Coast of North and South America and sailing back to England with grain or nitrates.

The Rewa's Last Voyage

Nine years ago, when the Alice A. Leigh was at Newcastle, Australia, she was bought by a Wellington company and renamed the Rewa. She loaded a cargo of wool at New Zealand ports and set out one September day on what was to be her last voyage round Cape Horn to England. A week before her the French five-masted barque France, at that time the largest sailing-ship in the world, had also sailed for England, and New Zealanders looked forward to a race between these giant sailing-ships. But the Rewa had unfavourable winds, and the French ship won easily.

After discharging her cargo in England the Rewa returned to New Zealand and she has been lying idle in Auckland Harbour ever since. Now her owners have decided to dismantle her. The France was wrecked some years ago in the South Seas. There is said to be only one British-owned ocean-going sailing-ship now left.

50 YEARS OF LIFE AND WORK

A Successful Man Looks Back

The honour known as the Messel Medal has been awarded to Lord Brotherton because from small beginnings "by enterprise, by courage, by great industry, and by the force of his personality, he has built up one of the most successful chemical industries in the country."

In acknowledging the medal Lord Brotherton looked back over fifty years of progress in the chemical industry and concluded with this passage.

If I were asked today whether my views differ greatly from those with which I originally set out my answer would be No.

I recognise the changes of which we have been witness, but they do not alter my views. I think the factors which command success remain the same, and I do not see any more hopeful basis for sound industrial progress than the free enterprise of men who will set themselves to the economic production of commodities vital to the world. If a man is working at his own risk he can put forth his energies with perfect freedom. These are the conditions under which I have worked and which I should prefer today above all others.

So far as recent developments concern the staple industry of my career, nothing appears to me more important than the production of nitrogenous fertilisers and their distribution over the whole world for increasing the productivity of the soil.

CRICKET

As It Was and As It Is

The general tendency of human nature is to praise the past at the expense of the present.

In the world of athletics certain writers have gone to the opposite extreme in declaring that the great bowlers whose records are among the glories of cricket history "would have a lean time nowadays against Hobbs and his like."

As Mr P. F. Warner, the old captain of our English Elevens, has hastened to point out, this is an entirely false assumption. The war caused a break of practically five years in first-class cricket, with the loss of mature champions and of young men who should have succeeded them; and, although we hold the Ashes, our cricket all round is not as good as it was.

Heroes of the Past

We can still pick a magnificent eleven, but there have been times when we could have sent two or three teams at one time good enough to meet Australia on her own Test grounds. We have not now men accomplished in every phase of the game.

There are no successors in sight to Rhodes, or to the men with whom he began his career—Hirst, Briggs, Peel, Hayward, Lockwood, Flowers, Barnes, Storer, Lilley, and the incomparable Grace. Each of these was good enough to play for his batting alone, but they were magnificent bowlers as well, except in the case of Lilley and Storer, who were wicket-keepers as well as great run-getters.

To say that the old bowlers would have been incompetent against modern batsmen is entirely to misunderstand and underrate the cricket which present players have inherited from their teachers. If we combined the forces of England and Australia we could not field a finer batting side than was available when Grace, Ranjitsinhji, C. B. Fry, G. L. Jessop, Lionel Palairet, Abel, Hayward, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Mason, Hutchings, J. T. Brown, J. Tyldesley, Hirst, Stoddart, and their contemporaries were in their prime.

Three Modern Inventions

It is unlikely that we shall ever see better cricket than these men played, unlikely that we shall ever see a more skilful and courageous fast bowler than Tom Richardson attacking wickets. There is nothing in the cricket of today that has not been learned of the past.

There have been three inventions, so to speak, in modern cricket. There was the swerve in bowling devised by Hirst; there was the leg glance, introduced by Ranji; and there was the googly which makes Grimmett so dreaded.

The googly was the gift to cricket of B. J. T. Bosanquet of Middlesex and England. He saw googlies being accidentally delivered by bowlers who did not know that they were doing anything out of the ordinary, so he studied the matter, practised it, and brought it to perfection, and first South Africa, then Australia, and finally England standardised this type of delivery.

Cricket is continuous and age learns from age. We do not evolve better and better men every generation; great all-round genius comes but once in a lifetime of cricket.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting by Rembrandt	£19,950
Painting by Holbein	£16,800
Medieval enamelled shrine	£9000
Elizabethan rosewater dish	£5800
Painting by Reynolds	£4620
Portrait by Holbein	£2205
Sketch by Gainsborough	£1417
Louis XV table	£1313
Old English lacquer cabinet	£651

A BAD BIRD

The Wood Pigeon On the Farm

DANGER OF A GROWING PLAGUE

By Our Natural Historian

Year after year bird lovers are reluctantly compelled to tell bad tales about the wood pigeon.

For the last 14 years the Board of Agriculture has been anxious owing to the increase in numbers of this splendid beauty of the wilds. This summer alarm has taken fire among the farmers.

The truth is that the wood pigeon threatens to become, if not as numerous as starlings and sparrows, certainly a greater menace to agriculture. Throughout the country it is to be found wherever woodland exists to afford it shelter, and in spite of Government warnings of the necessity for thinning-out the flocks each year the multitude grows apace.

Conditions have long favoured it in our midst, for the comparative absence of birds of prey has led to its multiplication beyond all tolerance. At present it cannot do much damage in the fields, but among the ripening fruit it is a great robber. A C.N. writer once saw a wood pigeon swallow 11 crab-apples plucked one after the other from the tree.

London a Bird Sanctuary

It is not, however, only the ripened fruit that these birds take; they are perhaps even more destructive in spring when things are growing. They are as destructive as hares among young green crops. Where they get the upper hand it is almost impossible to raise good crops of greens or vegetables. It is an astonishing fact that, so perfect a bird sanctuary is London, that in the suburbs gardeners complain as bitterly of their losses as farmers in the infested country.

In addition to our own stock we have an enormous influx of immigrant wood pigeons every autumn, and apparently some of these stay, for the increase seems to suggest that native sources are supplemented from without.

The life of a wood pigeon is long. A year or two ago one was still living under domestic conditions which had been taken from its nest 25 years before. If wild wood pigeons live to anything like that age we may well fear the consequences, and may give serious heed to the Government's warning to reduce the numbers of what is fast becoming a plague. E. A. B.

STRUGGLING FARMERS OF THE WEALD

25 Farms That Do Not Pay

Among the farmers of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex the bad times press hardly.

A report by the head of the Wye Agricultural College shows plainly that 25 typical farms have been working at a loss for the last six years.

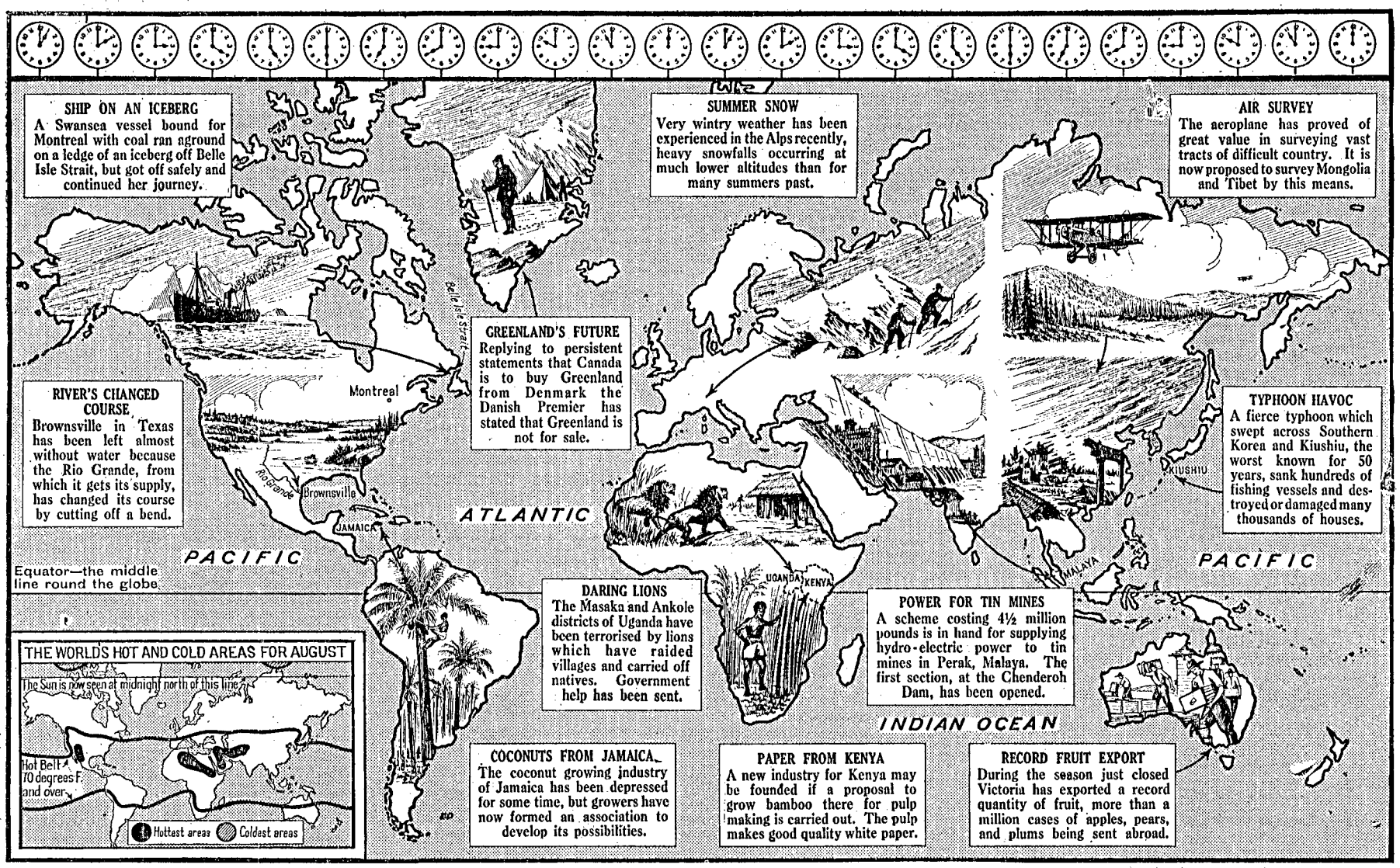
Many causes are to blame, and the most depressing thing is that the weather, the farmer's old bugbear, cannot be counted among them. Last season, when the fine summer made it a farmer's year all over the Northern Hemisphere, the crops were so good that the produce could not be sold at a profit.

The farmers are inclined to put the failure down to high wages. A cause which is deeper rooted is that the capital value of farms is now too high to offer a proper rate of interest on their working. In the prosperous farmer's years at the close of the war and just following it, when prices for farm produce were high, farmers paid too much for their farms.

This south-east corner of England is becoming more thickly populated and is wanted for other purposes than farming. Thus a farm is becoming a luxury without commanding luxury prices.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE UNKNOWN OCEAN
World of the Air Not Yet Conquered

An inexplicable accident like that when an aeroplane, making what was called a mere "air taxi" journey from Le Touquet, crashed in Kent after crossing the Channel, is a tragic reminder that, in spite of the tremendous progress referred to on page 10, we are still far from having arrived at the real Conquest of the Air.

The aeroplane which crashed at Meopham became specially prominent because of the well-known names of those who were killed, one of the honoured house of Dufferin, another that Lady Ednam whose little boy was tragically killed by a motor-lorry on Chelsea Embankment only a few months ago. Lady Ednam was on her way home to arrange for a Garden of Memory to her little son.

Another reason for the dismay the accident created was that the machine was piloted by a skilled and well-known airman, Colonel Henderson, and that nobody suspected that anything was wrong with either the structure of the machine or the engine.

The causes of accident on land and sea are better known than the causes of accidents in the air because travel has encountered accident on land and sea for 3000 years instead of 30. There must be risks in the unknown aerial ocean for a long time yet.

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LAWS?

The hopes held out when laws are framed are not always realised when laws are passed. No Session of Parliament has ever been dedicated to the sole task of examining the results of its previous activities. What happens to all the laws placed on the Statute-book? If half the hopes of their promoters had been realised would not the Millennium have arrived ere this?

Mr Baldwin to the Brotherhood Movement

THIRSTY ALMASSY
A Very Queer Case

An extraordinary action has been brought in the District Court of Budapest.

A man named Almassy sued his master for damages because Almassy is always thirsty now, after a motor accident while driving with his master. No matter how much he drank, he said, he still felt as if he had a red hot brick in his stomach and must go on drinking.

A doctor explained that this great thirst was caused by an injury to the liver.

The judge asked Almassy how much the thirst cost him, and he replied about £20 a month.

Finally the court decided that Almassy's injury was caused by his master's careless driving and that the master must pay £10 a month toward the quenching of his thirst. After a year Almassy is to be examined by a doctor.

The extraordinary thing is that no one seems to have suggested that this expensive thirst might be quenched for nothing by plain water.

HOUSES BUILT BY BOYS
Manchester's Experiment

Manchester is making an interesting experiment: she is asking boys to build two municipal houses.

Every single part of the houses, from the foundations to the roof, will be made by the lads themselves.

The young builders are apprentice pupils at the Manchester Education Committee's school in Mill Street, and have learned the theory of the various crafts which go to make a house besides doing small jobs in the classrooms.

Now they are to put their theory into practice. This time next year the result will have been tested by two families.

Visitors must look for them at Mauldeth Road West, Withington, saying "Boys built them, and the Minister of Health laid the first brick. They ought to be happy homes. Good luck to them."

THE BRAVE INVALID

A story of bravery comes from Dunwich in Suffolk.

A lady, Mrs H. L. Horsfall, had suffered from a severe illness and had gone to Dunwich for her convalescence. She hoped to get strong slowly in that peaceful place.

But the other day that peace was broken. People were hurrying about in a panic saying that a man was drowning. He had gone out with a party of bathers and had swum too far.

The invalid lady instantly got a motor-tyre tube and ran down to the beach, where she threw off some clothes and swam to the man's rescue.

She reached him after a swim of 200 yards, and found him completely exhausted, but was able to slip the tube under his arms. Then she pushed him ashore and he recovered.

BLIND BOYS ON AN AIRSHIP

A special piece of good fortune befell four boys from the School for the Blind at Swiss Cottage when they were taken the other day to Cardington to visit the airships R 100 and R 101.

It is difficult for blind people to form any conception of the size of airships and aeroplanes. The blind boys paced the length of ship and cabins and gondolas, and went into the cabins to examine them. They had all heard of the aluminium alloy of which the girders are made, and of their lightness and strength, and these they were allowed to feel and lift.

R 100, in one of the sheds, was floating, so that when the boys stepped on to the ladder to go up into a cabin they felt it sink slightly. They were then allowed to go into the observation tower and feel the controls.

Alcohol is Bad for You

THE COALFIELDS
Government Bill Through
MINERS AND THEIR HOURS

After a long struggle with the House of Lords the Government have succeeded in passing into law their Coal Mines Bill.

One of the most important clauses in this measure is the reduction of the miner's working day from eight to seven and a half hours.

The Lords sent an amendment to the Commons inserting a weekly total of hours over which the miner's shortened hours could be distributed. The Commons refused to accept this, and the Bill went backward and forward between the two Houses. Finally the Commons agreed if the representatives of owners and men agreed.

There was reluctance on the part of some of the peers to accept this compromise, but the Lord Chancellor, who is a great authority on the coal problem, stood firm, and by the sheer force of a great personality won the final consent of the Lords.

It is much to be hoped that this new measure will at last bring peace and prosperity to our coalfields.

THE TALKIE ON THE TRAIN

American trains have started a new diversion for passengers in the way of talking pictures. A continuous performance has been given in the miniature theatre attached to one of the long-distance trains leaving Chicago, and further trains are now to be fitted up.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Jaipur	**Jy**-poor
Kiushiu	Ky-**oo**-shoo
Perak	Pay-**rahk**
Perseid	**Per**-se-id
Ramayana	Rah-**mah**-yanna
Udaipur	Oo-dy-poor

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
AUGUST 9 ❁ ❁ 1930

Sherlock Holmes

SOMETIMES when we have been waiting at Liverpool Street Station on the Underground we have watched the splendid engines of the Metropolitan Railway go by.

They carry on them the names of great men and women. There you may read a roll of the immortal dead—John Milton, William Penn, Oliver Goldsmith, Florence Nightingale, and many others; and some day you may catch sight of the name Sherlock Holmes.

Now Milton and Penn and Goldsmith and Florence Nightingale and the others all lived once upon a time; but Sherlock Holmes never lived at all in this sense. Nobody ever saw him leave his rooms in Baker Street with the faithful Watson, his friend. As everybody knows, nobody ever called on that famous detective. He lived, none the less; and when we see an engine go by with the name of Sherlock Holmes we never think of him simply as if he were a stranger to us, or as if he were an imaginary being in a story book.

It would not surprise us if the very rooms were pointed out where he lived, just as they tell us at Ipswich where Pickwick slept, though we know that this man never slept either at Ipswich or Bath or at Dingley Dell.

None the less, both Pickwick and Holmes did live, first of all in the mind of Charles Dickens and Conan Doyle, and then in the imagination of thousands who read their books; and they will go on living as long as those books are read. The Met. is quite right in calling an engine Sherlock Holmes, because he lives in the world of imagination in which we can call him whenever we want to share in his marvellous adventures.

The man who gave us Sherlock Holmes has now written his last story, and has done his last kindly deed (and he did many of these). They say he grew tired of Sherlock, perhaps because people would only think of him as the creator of that famous figure, whereas he wrote other works of more substantial literary value. But we shall not grow tired of him. He stands for all that is romantic and adventurous in the life of the world as we know it in these days. He has taught us to use our eyes more than we used to use them, and even if we cannot tell by the look of a man's hands what trade he follows, or by his boots in what county he has been walking, we can at least see more than we did before Sherlock Holmes came into our lives to show us how to see.

And for this we give Conan Doyle, brave and manly writer, our grateful salute.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE



John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

If the Experts had Their Way

THE great Peace Treaty is safe. The opposition of the admirals to the Naval Treaty has happily failed, but it has served the useful purpose of reminding the world that the war expert is one of the enemies of peace.

The admirals have always been afraid of public opinion, and we have been reminded by Mr Hamilton Fyfe's Life of Lord Northcliffe of the ridiculous attempt made in 1914 to hide the Great War from the public. Even Lord Kitchener was ready to shoot a journalist who wrote a dispatch telling the public how our men were dying in France.

Let us never forget that if the war experts had their way all the public would have to do with war would be to die for it and pay for it.

❁

Bony and the Bonbons

WE like the new story of the little girl who talked so very plainly to Napoleon.

It is of the St Helena days, when Napoleon used to play at cards with the two little girls of Mr Balcome. One was 15 and one 13, and they played for bonbons. Even there, however, Napoleon does not seem to have been quite straight, for one of the little ones threw down her cards one night and said: "I won't play with you any more, Bony—you cheat."

We are told that Napoleon laughed, but we are told also that the little girl's charge was true, and that Napoleon really did cheat at whist.

❁

Do Not Fear

WE have been reading the letters of a very gallant young soldier sent from the Front to his people before he was killed. This extract is so fine that it may be quoted:

Though I am afraid my habitation is not in the shadow of the Almighty I should like it to be, and He knows it; so don't fear for me.

❁

The Portraits of Sherlock Holmes

WE have elsewhere a reference to that hero of every healthy British boy, Sherlock Holmes. What interests us here is a fact recalled from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's autobiography.

We read there that the original of the pictures of Sherlock Holmes, as they came out with the famous stories, was Walter Paget, the younger brother of the Sydney Paget who drew the pictures. "The handsome Walter," as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle called him, has grown up to be himself a famous artist—Wal Paget, one of the chief illustrators of the C.N. Monthly and its companions.

❁

There lives and works a soul in all things
And that soul is God. William Cowper

The Song of the Tree

Sung by the American Girl Scouts when they plant a tree.

Live, live, live,
Our fields and woodlands need you.
Our hopes and blessings speed you.
And may the fair gods lead you.

Love, love, love,
The winds and storms that bend you,
And yield though they would rend you,
The sun and rains that tend you.

Grow, grow, grow,
Till never tree shall shade you.
Till homage proud is paid you.
And climb to Him Who made you.

❁

Tip-Cat

A REALLY good portrait should be taken in the shade. Then it will put others in the shade.

⊡

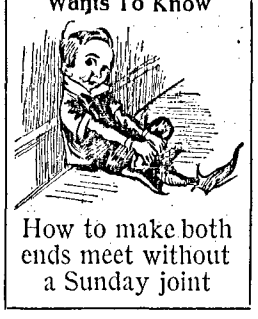
A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what to do with desiccated coconut. Eat it.

⊡

LEISURE is the dullest thing in life. Yet a great aid to reflection.

⊡

SOME furniture in the country, says a writer, goes back to Charles the First. Wonder what he will do with it.



How to make both ends meet without a Sunday joint

⊡

UGLY faces are easy to remember. One always gets a plain view of them.

⊡

2000 hens of all nations have been talking one language at the Crystal Palace. Would that their owners were half as wise.

⊡

THE nation is playing with government as with a new toy. And some people want to see it wound up.

⊡

MUST we scrap the family? a writer asks. One family we know does its own scrapping.

⊡

AMERICANS are said to be forgetting how to walk. But they will always have the movies.

⊡

THE home depends on the wife's attitude, says Mrs Jack Hobbs. And on the husband's position.

⊡

A FARMER has used the same mowing-machine for fifty-one years. It cuts down expenses.

⊡

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

TWENTY-five years ago the infant death-rate was 128 in every 1000. Today it is 74.

ITALY has agreed with France on a naval holiday until next year.

THE British coal industry has reduced its costs by a quarter in the last three years.

JUST AN IDEA

What we ought to desire is to dominate the mind of the world, not its territory.

Ideas of Norman Angell

ONE of the prophets of our generation is Mr Norman Angell.

Long before the war he told the world what would happen if war came. War came, and his predictions have come true. War can pay nobody, said Norman Angell; in this game all are losers.

It is well to know what such a man is thinking, and we have asked our Prophet to set down a few of his ideas week by week for the C.N.

Is War's Day Over?

PEOPLE ask me if I think the days of war are over, and I reply that I have not the least idea. If you ask me if men can bring war to an end I have a very definite idea.

They can.

Whether they will I do not know. War is not something outside man's will, like the weather. We do not make the weather; we do make war, usually by asking someone else to occupy a position we should refuse to occupy ourselves. We are none the less responsible for what follows.

Ourselves Over All

IF we should ask an assembly of young men to remember that the rule of life must be *Myself First, Myself Alone, Myself Above All, Myself Right or Wrong*—we should be known as savages doing our best to make these youngsters unfit to live in civilised society. We should be sure that a society made up of people with such rules of life could not live.

But if we asked them to remember that the rule of life is *Our Country First, Our Country Alone, Our Country Above All, Our Country Right or Wrong*, we should be called patriots.

But why should a country adopting that rule hope to make a better success of a Society of Nations than men and women adopting that rule could hope to make of a society of individuals?

The Only Way

WE say our armaments cannot threaten others because they are for defence. What is Defence? Resistance to invasion?

In 800 years our army has fought in every country except England. We were not being invaded when we declared war on Germany; nor was Italy, nor Rumania, nor Japan, nor America, nor Brazil. Yet these countries were not necessarily aggressors.

Defence is not merely defence of soil but of our rights and safety. We fight to see that in conflict with others we get fair treatment: to be in a position to insist on our view of what is fair, *to be judge of the dispute*. But if the other party asked to be allowed to judge we should point out that he was a litigant, and that it was gross injustice for him to be judge as well.

Then why do we, party to the dispute, ask to be its judge? The only way out is for neither to be judge, for both to be subject to third-party judgment, which is arbitration and law.

❁

Opportunity comes in vain to the man who is unprepared.

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GERMANY'S CRISIS

WHAT IS HAPPENING

The Result of Too Many Political Parties

PRESIDENT'S POWERS

The fourth German Parliament since a Republic was established in the Fatherland has been dissolved and within the next three months there will be a General Election.

The reasons for this appeal to the German nation are interesting to all countries with a parliamentary government and to all people who are interested in unemployment.

Unemployment is as serious a question in Germany as in England, and there, as here, the next winter is anticipated with considerable anxiety. The people who are out of work must be maintained and money must be provided for that purpose. To pay her way and feed her people the country must levy new taxes. But no political party wishes to have the responsibility of imposing heavier taxation, however necessary it may be, and German political parties are more numerous and their relations with each other are more complicated than anything of the kind seen in England, though even here our political parties are becoming more numerous and curiously mixed.

An Unpopular Budget

Government has been carried on in Germany by agreement between several parties, no one of which is strong enough to dream of ruling alone. Faced by the need for an unpopular Budget the German Government combination has broken up and has been defeated by the Opposition Parties, but the German Constitution provides for a deadlock of this kind, when parliamentary action is paralysed for the time being by division into fragmentary parties.

It is possible then for the Chancellor to appeal to the President for powers to bring into force necessary financial measures by Decree, and that is what has now been done. The German Parliament has been dissolved by President Hindenburg and a measure of Emergency Finance has been authorised which Parliament was not sufficiently united or sufficiently bold to pass, though it was needed urgently. So, for the present, Germany is being ruled by an agreed Dictatorship, not by Parliament, and the President and the Chancellor are taking on themselves the responsibility of levying taxes which the Reichstag weakly evaded.

The New Taxes

The new taxes include special levies on officials and on unmarried people, an increased tax on all incomes above £400 a year, and a tax on alcohol. It is expected that these fresh demands will provide the money for sustaining the unemployed and balancing the national budget or, as we say, "making ends meet." What is needed is being done, but it is not being done in a way that reflects credit on the members of the German Parliament. They should have had sufficient patriotism and good sense to have done what the President and the Chancellor have done for them.

Peril to National Unity

No doubt there will be a period of keen discussion, and perhaps of troublesome excitement, before the General Election is over, but the Germans are a practical people, and it is not likely that they will do anything in the long run to injure the national prosperity for which they have been working diligently since the war. The weakness disclosed by the present situation in Germany comes from the multiplication of political parties, with rivalries that undermine a reasonable national unity, and it is perhaps a peril of which other countries, including ourselves, should beware.

NATURE'S ANGRY MOOD

Nature seems the best of good companions in these days of summer, when the harvest is ripening in the fields, and in the gardens the flowering borders glow like fallen rainbows in the Sun. But how terribly her mood can change!

In far Korea the rice fields and the harvest were devastated by a typhoon which swept away thousands of houses, and then carried on the ravage of destruction across the Sea of Japan to Kiushiu, sinking a great number of fishing vessels and larger craft on its way.

By comparison the cloudburst in Yorkshire seems trifling, though it is so much nearer home that we estimate it as much. It was in reality a typhoon on the smallest scale. It wrecked houses instead of villages. It cost one life where the Korean whirlwind cost hundreds. The lifeboat it called out was not to save life at sea, but only to rescue villagers marooned by the floods—to rescue them from the housetops! Yet in this quiet little island it was a startling interruption to the holiday serenity of Harrogate and Whitby and the East Riding.

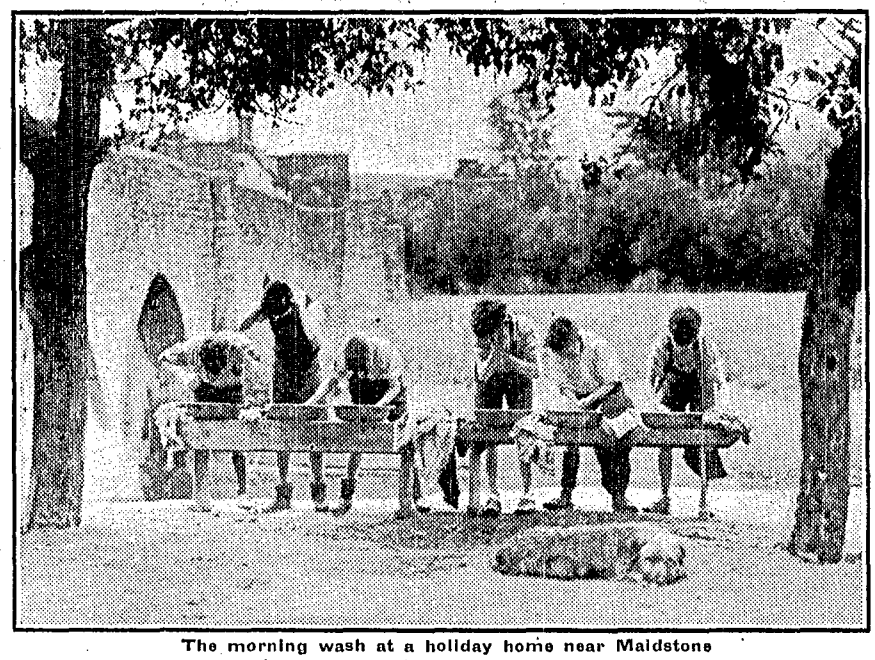
The earthquake in Italy, which by a tragic coincidence happened in the same week as the other disasters, was a revelation of Nature's powers more tremendous still. The angry seas, the raging winds, are common in mankind's experience. It is only their magnitude which renders them terrible.

But when the solid Earth quakes and opens to destroy him, terrified man seems to part company with Nature, because at such a moment she seems to have turned on herself.

A CHANGE OF AIR



Free of cares, by the sea at Tankerton



The morning wash at a holiday home near Maidstone

A change of air is good for all, though many who are most in need of it cannot afford to leave their homes. These happy pictures show mothers and children from town slums who have been provided with holidays by the Salvation Army. For many of them it was their first holiday.

THE ASTONISHING INDUSTRY OF THE HEN

The Crystal Palace has been filled with the cackling of the world's hens, and the great Poultry Show reminds us how often an enormous trade is built up on a very little thing.

What, for example, could be smaller as a unit than the egg laid by a hen?

Men knew long ago that certain varieties of poultry found it interesting if not amusing to lay more eggs than were necessary to carry on their race, and so came the bright idea of encouraging the birds to lay eggs, culturing them for the purpose, and stealing most of their products for human food.

Fifty years ago all the eggs and poultry eaten in the United Kingdom were worth about £7,000,000. In 1929 the trade had grown so enormously that the figure was £51,000,000. About half of this consumption is home grown; the rest comes from many countries.

Birds are carefully bred and their diseases are investigated. The machinery of the trade has become remarkable. The modern incubator hatches chicks with complete success. But we do not know what the hens privately think about it.

Certainly the world's hens would be astonished if they knew how many eggs were consumed by our people. Last year we actually imported 3000 million, and our British hens must have produced just as many. That is something like 120 eggs for every one of us.

THOSE ABSURD RAILWAY TICKETS

WHAT ABOUT THEM?

The Great Opportunity the Railway Companies Lose

TRUMPERY BITS OF PAPER

British railway companies have lost much business through neglect.

For long they had almost a monopoly of passenger and goods traffic. The British public had either to use their trains or walk. They had to send their goods by dilatory rail because there was no other way available. Then came the motor-car and the motor-lorry, and the railway monopoly was gone for ever. The people who had been charged so much and served so badly took to the roads, and the railway earnings went down and down.

How to Get Custom

It is a great pity that our railways should be neglected; the companies should do everything they can to attract passengers. Let us consider one reform which, although small in one sense, would help the railways to get customers and keep them. We refer to the matter of issuing railway tickets and to the railway tickets themselves.

First as to tickets. These, as everyone knows, are tiny pieces of rough cardboard, badly printed. Even if we spend £2 or £3 on a railway ticket all we get is this little piece of trumpery cardboard, measuring less than two inches by one inch. A return ticket is no larger, and when it is torn in half all that we have left to show that we have paid our return fare is an absurd scrap measuring less than an inch square.

Lost Return Halves

The result of this is that thousands of these little return halves are lost. When they are lost the railway companies refuse to refund the money paid for the return journey, and a fresh single ticket has to be bought to get us home. In a recent case the Southern Railway returned the following answer to an applicant who had lost a return half of a ticket worth 5s 5d, the return ticket having cost 10s 10d.

I have to inform you that it is not the practice of this Company to consider applications for refund of additional fares paid owing to the loss of tickets, unless the latter are recovered and sent to the Company.

If, however, you should subsequently find the ticket and will send it to me I shall be pleased to give your application further consideration.

This letter should serve as a warning to travellers not to buy return tickets unless they are compelled to do so. In the course of a year tens of thousands of these return tickets are lost, so that the companies obtain a large sum of money for nothing.

What the Companies Might Do

Now let us see what the railway companies might do with their tickets. If they were wise and fair they would make them not less than three inches by two in size and print them on good cardboard. The size of the ticket would make them convenient to handle, and would prevent loss. Not only so, but the company could on the back of the ticket do two important things. *It could advertise its facilities, and it could print the train services between the points for which the ticket was issued.*

The convenience to the traveller from both these improvements would be very great.

If such improved tickets were issued at improved stations in improved booking-halls, with every help given to the buyers, the railways might lure many of their lost passengers back again—but that is another story.

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A CITY AND ITS BOOKS

THE GIANT INDEX

What Goes On in Manchester's Piccadilly Sheds

WONDERFUL ORGANISATION

London is to have a giant library catalogue of all the miscellaneous books in its public libraries—about a million and a half.

The catalogue will be a guide to all the non-fiction volumes in nearly 100 libraries, and is bound to be of very great service to all who read serious literature. It will not be necessary to catalogue fiction, most of which comes into being for an hour or two and perishes. But as two and a half million books on serious subjects are used every year in the public libraries of London, the catalogue will be valuable to an immense number of readers.

Manchester has such a catalogue already. Facing Manchester's Piccadilly an area now green and gay with flowers does its best to beautify the unsightly sheds which surround one side and the back of the semicircle.

A Beautiful Book Shrine

A stranger visiting Manchester, the great city where one of the most beautiful book shrines in the world is to be found in the John Rylands Library, learns with amazement that this huddle of converted Army huts houses what experts claim to be the greatest Public Reference Library in the world, and that 24 branch libraries, serving 100,000 readers a year, should be administered from the little old building in the rear, whose doorway still bears the inscription: Dispensary for Out-Patients.

Yet once he gains an insight into the interior of the shacks the visitor comes away with a feeling that the inscription over the dingy doorway should be changed to The Soul's Dispensary, which adorned a library door in Egypt thirty centuries ago.

For there are infinite riches in this little room, filled to overflowing with packed presses and crowded workers alert and enthusiastic to share their storied wealth with rich and poor alike.

A Vast Card Index

Here beats the great heart of the Public Libraries of Manchester. Here is a vast card index, a Union Shelf Register, consisting of rows upon rows of narrow drawers containing over 100,000 cards. This index reveals at a glance the whole story of the 640,000 volumes in the lending libraries scattered all over the city. Each card tells a complete story of one book—its title and author; how many copies of it are in each library; how many times they have been replaced, discarded, or transferred; which editions they are.

Each branch does its own cataloguing, and all these cards have been edited by Central Quarters from cataloguing slips sent in by branches. When it was decided in 1916 to start a Union Shelf Register, slips were sent in by the cartload to the old brick building, all of which had to be set in order, alphabetically arranged, edited, and welded together into the compact instrument which controls the whole system today.

A Unique Catalogue

This Register forms the basis of the Union typed lists on special subjects, and is an essential part of the Book Exchange Service by means of a motor-van. Every day a green van makes a tour of all branches, collecting and delivering books. Every borrower gets his book, or a reason for not getting it, within 24 hours.

In the adjoining Reference Library, with its technical and science volumes, its Henry Watson music library, and its foreign section, there is an even more wonderful catalogue of over 300,000 cards, which can claim to be the only record of its kind in the country.

THE EAST END STAR

Where It Shines

While most people are thinking about holidays, discussing the fares to Scotland or Cornwall, it is no bad thing to remember the people of London who are so poor that they cannot even afford the fare to the nearest park.

Stepney is over two miles from a park. The children can only play in the street. Like Bethnal Green this borough is so poor and overcrowded that in thousands of cases four or more people live in one little room. Year in, year out, masses of people see nothing pleasanter than slums.

Fortunately there are people living in the East End simply to help others. Such are the Methodist ministers, women doctors, dispensers, and sisters of the East End Mission. They have chosen to work in the saddest part of England to make it happy, and they are achieving that aim. The poor folk of the East End are so grateful that last year they contributed over £5309 to the Mission.

Making The Slums Brighter

What does it do? First of all it tries to make the slums brighter by a children's kinema, bands, choirs, gymnasia, and troops of Scouts and Guides. Last year it sent 500 delicate children to the sea for a fortnight, and gave thousands of tired mothers and poor children day trips to the country. It gives medical aid, clothes to the very needy, and breakfasts to the poorest.

Of course it holds numerous religious meetings too, because that is essential in making the slums brighter. If a man tries to live in the slums without faith, hope, and charity, he will doubtless break his heart.

At a printing works where it trains boys for a good trade the East End Mission publishes its own little paper, the East End Star, which, the C.N. is delighted to learn, has a circulation of 25,000 copies a month.

Twinkle twinkle East End Star,
Sign of hope and love you are,
Like the star that shone for them,
Keeping watch at Bethlehem.

AUSTRALASIA

A Word New Zealanders Do Not Like

Please do not use the word Australasia when you are speaking of Australia and New Zealand.

That is what many New Zealanders are asking their friends all over the world, and the New Zealand newspapers have banned the word Australasia from their columns.

New Zealanders do not like their country being swallowed up in the big word Australasia because it tends to make people who do not know their geography very well think that New Zealand is part of Australia.

Everyone who looks at the C.N. picture-news map will see that New Zealand is a long, long way from Australia; it is 1000 miles away, three days by a fast steamer.

THE CHURCH AND THE HOUSE

One of the most cheering features of recent times has been the activity of religious bodies in sharing the work of better housing in overcrowded districts.

We are constantly receiving schemes from widely distant localities. An instance is the effort of the London Presbyterians in Poplar, where they have long had a Settlement.

There seventeen families have already been re-housed, and an attractive scheme for fifteen additional flats is projected at a cost of between £9000 and £10,000. In their appeal for support the Presbyterians rightly say: "For Christian people who believe in the sacredness of the family the cause of providing good housing becomes a sacred one." The Chairman of the Committee is Dr Herbert Gray, 14, Haslemere Road, N.8.

A COMMISSIONER'S LETTERS TO GUIDES

What is Our Duty?

It is a curious thing how few people nowadays seem able to face or stand up to the word Duty. In the first promise a Scout or Guide is called upon to make this idea of duty is stressed.

What, actually, do we mean by duty? It implies something due from us to other people. "We owe nothing to other people" is the cry heard on almost every side of us today; and then we hear them add: "We have our Rights." The word Duty is old-fashioned; it savours too much of bondage, or lack of freedom, and is not popular.

Is gratitude old-fashioned? Gratitude for our existence here on Earth. Is loyalty lack of freedom? Loyalty to our country and to our leaders for their ceaseless watch over our security and well-being. No truly great people can ever be free in that sense. "The power and glory of all creatures," says Ruskin, "consists in their obedience, not in their freedom."

The Faithful Steward

Little by little, as we stretch up to our promise, we shall begin to see one tiny part of what is due from us to God. We can never hope to pay the full sum of it, and because there is so little time to lose we make that tremendous promise before we can understand all that is contained in it.

It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful. "Praise God," added de Joinville, counsellor of St Louis of France, in quoting this, "that it does not say successful." This faithfulness is something so infinitely rare and so definitely inspiring that it seems to shine out like a halo round those people who took it as their star.

Nelson's Historic Signal

It is an easy thing for people to escape their duties by pretending that they are not worthy of them. There is the Guide who says she could not possibly become a leader, the leader who refuses to become an officer. Lord Nelson did not mince matters when he sent his famous signal: "England expects that every man will do his duty." Because of that expectation, which implied a definite trust, every man about him lived up to the very best that was in him. Every man was stirred to his best by Nelson's signal; a vague hope would have left a loophole for the second best.

Nearly a hundred years ago in Paris there passed through the dusty, crowded streets on a summer's day a ramshackle cart bearing the coffin of an unknown pauper. Not even the dog, popularly supposed to follow his poor master to the grave, was to be seen running behind this poor hearse. The richly-dressed ladies in their carriages gave a start of disdain as they passed by, and those on foot, crowding the pavements, both men and women, turned their backs on the sight of such an unpleasant interruption to the gay life of the capital.

A Story of Eugénie

Two girls, however, stood on the kerb and gazed at the sad sight. "Let us go," said one suddenly, "it is our duty. We can't let that poor man go unmourned to his grave." Picking up her skirts, she stepped into the road and, followed by her friend, accompanied the pauper's coffin to Montmartre.

That girl was to grow up Empress of the French, and it was through the efforts of Eugénie, of what she felt to be due to every pauper in the land, that prayers and a decent burial were afterwards given to one and all.

We can, we must, live up to our responsibilities, if only we grasp that great ideal of duty firmly.

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher to use the Humane Killer

THE BAD INFLUENCE OF THE CAR

MOTORS AND CRIME

The Power to Do Ill-Deeds Makes Ill-Deeds Done

TRAIL OF WAR

Since the war crime has increased in England and Wales. That was to be expected.

Wars throughout history have been followed by plague, pestilence, and famine, and the last war maintained the precedent with millions starving and influenza spreading over the world. The loosening of moral bonds which every war brings about is followed when the fighting is over by deeds of lawlessness. It has always been so. It was so after the Napoleonic wars. We have seen with our own eyes the same thing happening since 1918.

The Home Office figures in support of these conclusions deal chiefly with the last year for which they were compiled. In that year the number of crimes was 3300 per million people, as compared with 3200 the year before. That is nearly 25 per cent more per million than in the years before the war.

Ground For Hope

If these figures were the only ones to be considered the outlook would be depressing indeed; but there are others which give us ground for hope that we are not going irredeemably to the bad. Looking back a long way, some 70 years, we see that the number of crimes was then 4800 per million; or nearly 50 per cent worse. Then, sixty years ago, compulsory education came. The result took some ten or twelve years to make itself felt, but in 1882 the figure had dropped to 3800 per million. It continued to drop year after year till, in the last year of last century, it fell to 2400 per million.

The Boer War raised it again, and for six years after that sad experience it went up. But then the war effect wore off and it fell and continued to fall till the Great War was over. It actually fell during the war, but we have excellent authority for saying that many of the criminal classes during the war were engaged in other than their ordinary pursuits.

The Home Office Report

After the war the figures went up, and though they took some time to approach those following the Boer War, they received a sudden impetus in the year of the General Strike and Coal Strike. They fell again for a year, but are now rising.

But there are some facts disclosed by the Home Office Report which give us reason to hope that this increase may be of an artificial kind.

The increase is, in short, due to the facilities the motor-car offers the criminal. It was easier to stop a thief before the war than it is now. The cry of Stop Thief now would hardly fall on the thief's ears, because he would be too far off in a car when the cry was raised. Even the bystanders and the police cannot hear the cry in time.

Burglars and Housebreakers

It is not only the Smash and Grab raiders who are encouraged by the motor-car, but burglars and housebreakers. We heard of a case the other day in which the owner of an empty house came back to find that all the metal fittings had been stripped from every room and carried off, and yet another in which a car had taken away Adam mantelpieces from an old house.

The motor-car, which civilisation has produced for the convenience of mankind, has been turned as a weapon against us. But we do not believe that the injury is permanent, or that civilisation will not find a means to counter it. The means to do ill deeds has always made ill deeds done, but in the end the evil thing is always beaten

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WOMEN WHO HAVE WON FAME BY AIR, LAND, AND WATER



Miss Betty Carstairs, the famous motor-boat pilot.



Miss Marjorie Foster, first woman to win the King's Prize at Bisley.



The Hon. Mrs Victor Bruce, who broke the 24-hour motoring record.



Lady Bailey flew to the Cape and back alone



Miss Winifred Brown, first woman to win the King's Cup Air Race.



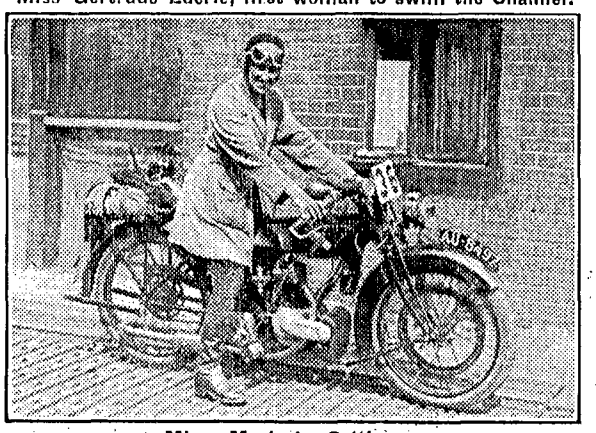
Miss Amy Johnson flew alone to Australia.



Miss Violette and Miss Evelyn Cordery, who drove their car 30,000 miles at Brooklands in 30,000 minutes.



Miss Gertrude Ederle, first woman to swim the Channel.



Miss Marjorie Cottle, a well-known motor-cyclist.



Miss Diana Fishwick, the girl of 19 who won the Women's Open Golf Championship.

The recent successes of women in many fields of sports calling for physical endurance make it difficult to realise that but a few years ago these outdoor pastimes were considered to be suited only for men. Here are portraits of a few women who have achieved outstanding triumphs by air, land, and water.

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A BIRD WITH A RIGHT TO LIVE

His Home On Our White Cliffs

THE PEREGRINE FALCON AND THE HOMING PIGEON

In a setting which is for ever immortal from its use by Shakespeare for some of the scenes in King Lear, a sort of Bluebeard's chamber, the eyrie of a winged Fee Fi Fo Fum has just come to light.

It is the home of a peregrine falcon established on the white cliffs between Folkestone and Dover. The bird has been observed for some time in pursuit of birds, and that pursuit is said to be deadly. Pigeons and lesser birds have been caught in mid-air and carried in unfaltering talons to that nest up on the cliffs which happily so far no one has succeeded in scaling.

Naturally, we are told that there is a scare among pigeon owners and that valuable prize birds will be devoured. Probably it will be found that the men who own the most valuable fliers are not among those who raise the outcry.

Expert Opinion

They buy and breed the finest of birds and treat them with lavish kindness, but they set a very high standard and desire in their lofts only pigeons which can outwit their prey and find their path without error through the trackless air from the most distant points at which their flights begin.

Something of this has already been explained in the C.N., and the story told of birds treated as outcasts which the public at large regard as heroic for their return to their native lofts after an absence of months or even years. The men who have the best birds will not endure these stragglers, and they are supported in their attitude by Mr Seth Smith, curator of mammals and birds at the Zoo, who speaks up splendidly in defence of the peregrine falcon.

His point is that the pigeon fanciers do not mind these falcons in the least. "If a pigeon is not good enough to dodge the peregrine it is no good to its owner. Really good homing pigeons can dodge it every time." So he says, on the authority of men whose pigeons are famous.

Service For Agriculture

It is cheering to have that verdict in favour of this falcon. The peregrine is the most beautiful of our birds of prey, and if it does take a sluggish homing pigeon now and then it does an infinite service for agriculture in helping to thin out the enormous flocks of wood pigeons which have become a plague in England, not only in the country, but even in the parks and suburbs of London. The peregrine is a friend of the agriculturist and earns his wages. We have very few falcons, but we have millions of pigeons wild and tame.

A thousand feet of pigeons were found seven years ago in a peregrine falcon's nest on the Great Orme's Head, but the victims must have been sluggards, and generations of falcons may have shared the spoil.

The peregrine has a right to live.

QUEER FISH

Scientists are finding out that fish are rather more queer than we thought.

A well-known biologist has just told the Marine Biological Association that some fish are affected by music. The wrasse was one fish he experimented with, and he found that it would respond to the noise of a lower C tuning-fork or to the note C made by an electric buzzer. Perhaps one day we shall whistle to trout instead of tickling them!

Plaice, cod, and coal fish were found to be attracted by certain colours or lights, but none of the fish seemed to take any notice of smells, even strong ones like that of artificial musk.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

Scotland's King of Men

On August 15, 1771, Sir Walter Scott was born.

Sir Walter Scott, the greatest of the world's novelists, was born in Edinburgh.

His parents were of the professional class, his father being in the law and his mother the daughter of a professor of Medicine in the University. But his forefathers, the Scotts and the Rutherfords, were famous fighting and raiding families on the Border in the days of rough romance, and it was their spirit which inspired the man who has drawn the reading world to "Caledonia stern and wild" for more than a century.



Sir Walter Scott

While he was a child young Walter lived often in the Borderland of his forefathers. As an infant he partly lost the use of his right leg through a fever, and though he grew into a big, robust man, full of energy, he was always lame.

From earliest boyhood he was an omnivorous reader, and largely educated himself by following his fancy through all kinds of books into other languages, such as French, German, and Italian. He rambled widely through bookland and knew a great deal without being an exact scholar. He became a barrister, and during his legal training and practice he rambled widely in both the Lowlands and the Highlands, confirming the love of Scotland's beauty, and extending the knowledge of its people and of local history that later gave the charm of intense reality to his novels.

A Jolly Companion

Before Walter Scott was known as a writer he was popular as a jolly companion, a man of keen public spirit, with a special interest in literature, particularly of the ballad style. He wrote ballads, translated them from the German, and was indefatigable in collecting the ballads of his country. This brought him into contact with the publishing world, and before he won fame as a writer he had begun to publish the collected Border Minstrelsy.

Scott's life groups itself in four ways. There was his legal career which gave him a living income. At 28 he became sheriff of Selkirkshire, and later was clerk of the Quarter Sessions in Edinburgh. His wife, too, had money, so that they had means increasing from £1000 a year to £2000 a year.

Next, there was a constant dabbling with publishing, which he never understood, and yet he placed himself in a position of responsibility as a partner. He spent much time and energy on ponderous books that lost money, and finally he was deeply involved in business debts, so that his buoyant life changed into a tragedy, and he worked himself to death in the effort to pay his creditors.

Most Natural Storytelling

Third, there was his own special life's aim, which, in his eyes, outweighed all other considerations. He craved above all things the founding of a house, estate, and family that would tone in with Scottish history. So he built his house Abbotsford on the Tweed and bought lands.

But the things that have really mattered to the world were the poetry he wrote, and far more the tales he wrote. Yet Scott never valued his own work at its true merit. He knew its faults: its haste, its lack of finish, its want of concentration. But for all that it is, at its best, the most natural Story-telling in all fiction.

Scott was not a great poet, yet he was a true poet. There is no better story in verse than The Lady of the Lake; and his novels have a greater breadth and scope than those of any other writer. He died on September 21, 1832, and rests at Dryburgh Abbey.

MAKING THE AIR SAFE

A MILLION MILES WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT

Every Day the Aeroplanes Fly Farther and Faster

CHEAPER AIRWAYS

Every day in every way the aeroplanes that make flying a business fly farther and faster; and every day they fly more safely.

In the first five years following the war there was an accident for every 357,000 miles flown by planes. In the next five years, bringing us to the beginning of the present year, the rate fell to one accident for every million and a quarter miles.

Put another way, a passenger travelling between Croydon and Paris, roughly 240 miles, might expect to make the journey 5333 times without accident. He should be able to go there and back every day for seven years without even a forced landing.

Over Mountain and Desert

This calculation cannot yet be applied to longer distances. Kingsford Smith, who crossed the Atlantic from East to West, declared after his experience of the Newfoundland fog banks that he should not try again. Miss Johnson's journey amounted, in its successive leaps from Croydon to Port Darwin, to some 9300 miles, but the way is not yet so easy that we can expect many such journeys to be made without mishap. Even Miss Johnson crashed at Brisbane, a few hundred miles farther on.

But the Air Ministry's report on Civil Aviation makes clear that even these great journeys are becoming safer and more practicable with each successful accomplishment of them.

When we read of these flights over mountain range and desert and ocean we marvel most at the daring of the aviators; but their courage is supported by an enormous amount of painstaking preparations, acquired knowledge, and foresight. Alcock and Hinkler and Alan Cobham were the pioneers blazing the trail and showing the obstacles; Miss Amy Johnson showed how courage joined to capability could convert what might have seemed a rash adventure into a practical flight.

Planning For Years Ahead

Sir Eric Geddes, the Chairman of Imperial Airways, who knows what has to be done to organise these flights of civil aviation, and what there remains to do, treats great world flights as a railway chairman might treat the express services of his line. He expects that the flight from Croydon to Karachi will be made in two or three bounds covering five days. It takes a little over six now.

The flight from Croydon to the Cape is already taking regular shape. At present the links with Cairo are complete. Next year other air links will join up the Victoria Nyanza and serve the adjoining territories of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika. The air line will then be extended to the Cape.

Already the airways are planning their scheduled times for years ahead. On the shorter journeys they can claim as solid an immunity from accident as a railway train. When the earth-dwellers realise this they will take to the air in greater numbers. When there are enough air travellers the costs of the airways will go down.

Some day there will be popular fares, workmen's planes, and a Sky Timetable.

WHY?

Thoughtful people wonder why the seven nations of the world maintaining the highest sea-power are spending more than twice they did 25 years ago on their navies. The answer is in two words—Fear and Ambition.

Mr Burton L. French, U.S.A.

THE BEETLE IN THE ROOF

Mr Bebbington is After Him

THE WEAVERHAM CARPENTER AND THE CHURCHES

The C.N. has often told of the terrible damage done to the old oak of our ancient buildings.

Now we hear of a parish clerk in a Cheshire village whose love of the old church has led him to discover a way of dealing with the pest and of repairing the worm-eaten timbers.

He is Mr C. E. Bebbington, of Weaverham, near Northwich. His father was clerk and sexton before him, and, like his father, Mr Bebbington is a joiner and cabinet-maker. He grew up by the old church and very early began to show an interest in its history. Now, after over 60 years, he knows the history of every stone, and his reconstructions have made Weaverham one of the most interesting little churches in the country.

Among his discoveries are a twelfth or thirteenth-century horn book, the church records and accounts for over forty years of the seventeenth century, a fifteenth-century stonemason's compass, and all manner of old church furniture which he has recovered and returned to the church. These include a strip of carving from a village outhouse, altar rails that have been used on a staircase, and a wooden font cover from a stable loft.

A Wonderful Compost

But most interesting of all the things he has done for the church is the repairing of the old fifteenth-century ceiling in the north aisle without using an inch of new wood or steel girder.

What Mr Bebbington does is to spray the hollows with a liquid that will kill off the beetle and the grubs and prevent them from coming again. Then he fills up the hollows with something that sets like concrete, though it looks exactly like the oak beam that it fills. This makes the beam strong again, and under tests it has been found that an affected beam which would break on seven pounds pressure has easily taken 200 pounds after Mr Bebbington's compost has set. The north aisle ceiling at Weaverham looks as it has looked for hundreds of years, for not a beam has been moved.

Since this was done Mr Bebbington has used his method at other Cheshire churches (at Tarvin, Bunbury, and Knutsford), and more and more inquiries come to the little Cheshire village from people anxious to preserve the beautiful work of our old English craftsmen.

THE BIRDS AT EUROPA POINT

A Note From Gibraltar

An interesting item of news reaches us from a reader who writes from the Europa Point Lighthouse at Gibraltar.

In the early part of June very heavy rains fell at Gibraltar, so heavy that the many swifts which frequent the Rock became drenched, and, exhausted by continuous flying with sodden wings, sought the shelter of the lantern gallery and window-sills of the lighthouse tower.

There they were piled on top of one another, huddled together for rest. On the ground, of course, they are helpless and cannot rise in the air, owing to the shortness of their legs and the length of their wings. One of the lighthouse keepers, our correspondent tells us, caught a number of them, partly dried their wings, and then launched them into the air.

The swift, it is generally agreed, has the strongest flight of any European bird, and, except when resting where it has made its nest, lives on the wing, but apparently it may be mastered in the air by an excessive rainfall.

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EARTH IN A METEOR STREAM

THE FAMOUS PERSEIDS

Spectacular End of the Fragments of a Comet

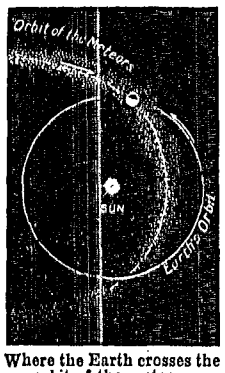
BURNED BY FRICTION

By the C.N. Astronomer

Next week the Earth will cross the path of the famous Perseid meteor stream.

It is possible that a few of the brightest of the meteors may be seen in the north-east after 11 o'clock on the first few nights of the week.

This meeting with these missiles from outer space is an annual event, sometimes of much spectacular interest, but this year the Moon will be present. Though she will be low in the south-east sky, not rising until after 9.30, her light will be sufficient to make all but the brightest of the meteors invisible.



Where the Earth crosses the orbit of the meteors

The numbers seen, therefore, are likely to be much reduced; still each hour should reward observers with the spectacle of a few of second or first magnitude, with the possibility of an occasional specimen almost as brilliant as Venus.

Last year between 50 and 60 an hour were observed toward midnight, while between 3 and 4 o'clock the meteors were seen at the rate of 130 an hour. One observer counted 164 meteors between 2 and 3 o'clock in the early morning of August 11, the day on which most were seen, but there was no Moon.

Moreover, there are more to be seen in the early morning hours because by then we are more to the front of the Earth, in the direction to which she is travelling and therefore meeting the meteors more head-on, as it were, than in the evening when they approach us slantwise and from a point not far above the horizon.

It is a fascinating sight to see these fragments of a comet of long ago virtually tearing their way through the Earth's atmosphere at a speed between 50 and 60 times faster than a shot from a gun, or some 25 to 30 miles a second. It is, therefore, not surprising that with such terrific friction against the atmosphere they should burst into combustion; this fortunately reveals their presence for a brief second or so.

Terrific Speeds

It is wonderful that we can see them at all, travelling, as they do, at such terrific speeds; but they are a long way off, usually from 70 to 80 miles when first seen. They vanish, as a rule, when at a distance of from 50 to 30 miles above us, but occasionally a larger one will come closer before it is consumed.

On rare occasions one will penetrate to the Earth's surface. But such fragments are usually found to be very small, ranging in size from grains of sand to cricket balls.

This residue of the meteor is very heavy and crystalline in structure, and is composed largely of iron and nickel, but silicon, phosphorus, magnesium, oxygen, sulphur, calcium, cobalt, sodium, aluminium, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon are present, often in considerable quantities, with other elements, bringing the total up to about thirty varieties.

A remarkable thing about these Perseid meteors is that they represent the fragments following in the wake of Tuttle's Comet of 1862, of which they once formed part. This cometary visitor came from far beyond the orbit of Neptune, and it is just possible that it came from the region of Pluto, the newly-discovered world beyond Neptune, and so from some 4000 million miles away.

G. F. M.

THE SINKING TOWN OF CHESHIRE

A travelling correspondent who has been in Cheshire sends us these notes on the interesting salt towns there.

There is an area round about Northwich, in Cheshire, where salt has been pumped from the Earth since the time of the Romans, or perhaps even before then, for British tribes driven into Wales had names for Northwich and Nantwich which meant black salt-town and white salt-town. At any rate the Romans used these brine springs, and developed a big trade there.

By Norman times Cheshire salt was hawked through England, and in Domesday Book the Wiches (Northwich, Nantwich, Middlewich, as they are now called) were already old and famous.

Flashes Extending

All these springs are still active, and are piped away to works in a wide area, except those of Nantwich, which are now used almost exclusively for brine baths. Rock salt also was discovered in 1670, and mining began on a large scale. The rock is cut out, with sturdy pillars left at frequent intervals as supports for the galleries, as pit-props are used in coal mines. When a complete section is worked out it is flooded, so that the residue is dissolved, and the resulting brine is then pumped out.

All this has brought employment and revenue to Cheshire through the centuries, but it has undermined her foundations to such an extent as to change the character of the landscape. Huge depressions have appeared, adding many artificial lakes to the reedy meres which remain as a relic of the ancient marshlands of the border. These subsidences are called Flashes, from an old French word meaning puddle, and they extend year by year. Witton Brook, a little stream once flowing into the River Weaver, is now Witton Flash, a great sheet of water into which big steamers pass from the river to discharge cargo. Flashes and meres alike are the home of water-fowl and seabirds, and even the great crested grebe is still to be seen.

Mine Owners and Private Property

The town of Northwich is entirely undermined, and is continually sinking. Many buildings have been wrecked in the past, and all are cracked by the strain. For generations they were shored-up by timbers and bolted together with iron stays and rods. For several years a definite scheme of saving the town has been embarked on. All unsafe property has been demolished, and everything is rebuilt on the frame principle, so that when a house sinks it can be raised by powerful hydraulic jacks and its foundations filled up and strengthened. Many indeed have been carried bodily to better and safer sites. The old buildings look very queer, for settling has destroyed right angles and parallel lines; and the bedroom windows of some are separated by but a few feet from the ground.

The mine owners are liable for the repair of private property, and incredible quantities of cinders and other dry materials have been used in recent years. The municipality has had to raise the roads again and again, replacing broken sewers and water-pipes, and relaying gas and electric mains at the regulation depth. How will such a problem end?

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD MOTOR-CARS?

Mr Ford is busy buying up old motor-cars at five pounds apiece, the general idea being that for every very old car he buys someone will buy a new one.

But that is not the end of the story. There is a whole science of chemistry and engineering combined in turning derelict cars into useful things, and although few parts of the cars can be used again, the materials of which they are made can be recovered and put again into some useful form.

C. L. N.

Story of a Princess

Number of Members—17,908

An old man has lately died in India who was called the Sun of Hinduism.

He was the Maharana of Udaipur, whose life was as blameless as his State was magnificent. The Hindus believe that one of his ancestors was the god-man Rama.

Another of them was a girl whose true story is perhaps as wonderful as any of the legends in the Ramayana, that Indian Odyssey which has Rama for its hero.

Early in the nineteenth century the Maharana of Udaipur was a certain Bhim Singh, who had a very beautiful daughter. She possessed every pretty thing an Indian girl could desire, and life must have been sweet to her.

The Rival Princes

The two great Rajput princes, those of Jodhpur and Jaipur, became her suitors, and a flaming jealousy sprang up between them. Perhaps Helen was proud because her beauty launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium, but this gentle Indian maiden was heartbroken at the thought of Rajasthan plunged into war for her sake. War! Men killed, mutilated, and blinded; women weeping for sons never returning; houses burned, crops ruined, famine ruling where once there were peace and plenty—that was war.

The princess found there was no way of appeasing the rivals while she lived, and so she took poison to give Rajasthan peace. It was a supreme sacrifice, for she was young, beautiful, and rich.

We may think it was a great sin, but the Hindu religion does not set its canon against self-slaughter, and the poor folk whom she delivered from war did not believe that the princess sinned.

As that Indian girl could do so much for peace it seems a little thing that we are asked to do for peace today. We are not required to lay down our lives, but to support the League of Nations. We can do that at the modest cost of sixpence by joining the C.L.N.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W. 1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

HEAD OF THE INQUIRY OFFICE

Sir Frederic Kenyon and the British Museum

That dome of silence and concentration the British Museum Reading Room will not seem quite the same place next year. Its presiding genius, Sir Frederic Kenyon, will have gone.

Not that the readers saw him, if perchance they lifted their eyes from their work. Sir Frederic was invisible to most of them. Only those whose own learning was of an order which could warrant them in consulting the Principal Librarian could gain access to him where he sat in his private sanctum.

But if they were readers who ought to be and might be helped Sir Frederic Kenyon's vast resources of knowledge were at their service.

He was and is one of the most learned men of Great Britain, and universities all over the world have vied with one another to give him their degrees in proof of it. His knowledge is of the kind that has enabled him always to tell an inquirer where best to go to find the information he wanted; and his greatest title to fame and gratitude is that he made the British Museum the greatest inquiry office in the world.



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WOOD PIPES

HOW LONG CAN THEY LAST?

The Mysterious Pipe Line in the Desert of Egypt

A CASK FROM A CHESTNUT TREE

From time to time excavations bring to light the hollowed trunks of trees which prove to have been pipes used in old days for water supply.

The fact that contaminating matter could enter at all the joints explains why pestilence and epidemics were so rife.

A recent discussion as to the nature and age of those old systems has led to a comparison between our own and the primitive water systems of ancient but undeveloped peoples farther afield.

The most interesting fact brought to light tells of the existence of a mysterious pipe-line system of wood in the oases of Dakhla and Kharga in the western desert of Egypt. From time immemorial wells have existed there which draw their water, from some unknown source, through hidden pipes of wood, a local wood of the acacia family which is very hard and resists water and is the wood of which the ancient Egyptians built their boats.

Hollow Trees

These wooden pipes are much the same as our own, trees split in length, hollowed out in the centre, and held together with wooden pegs. Who installed them no one knows. Locally they are spoken of as *Romani*, and are believed to date back to the classical days following the conquest of Egypt by Alexander, or to the times when the victorious Romans supplanted the Ptolemy dynasty there.

Could wood pipes have lasted 2000 years? We know that wood can be preserved almost indefinitely, in the absence of disease, in continuous moisture or continuous dryness; it is the alternation in the two conditions which is destructive. There is a wooden boat at Rochester, in the excellent museum there, dug from the deep mud of the Medway and believed to be six thousand years old.

Water is Best

Our own Post Office expects the telegraph poles to last thirty years, but these poles, of course, are exposed to heat and cold, to moisture and to drought. If one were buried in a peat bog it might last for ages.

One of the most impressive things in the famous Roman collection of the Reading Museum is a huge cask made from a chestnut tree in Spain 2000 years ago. It came to Britain, to a successor of the Caesars, carrying wine. "Water is best," said its owner, quoting the Greeks.

He sank a well and put his hogshead at the bottom to collect water, and there it remained until not long ago, when it was found and brought to light, as perfect as when it left Spain. Decidedly the desert pipe-line may have been laid by the Romans.

MAKING CARELESSNESS EASY

Electricity is making things so automatic that it is almost inviting people to be careless.

Two new kinds of electric kettle have been made. One switches itself off when the water boils, the other is so constructed that if a careless person lets it boil away until it is dry nothing can happen to ruin it. There are devices made in cooking stoves which prevent the joint from getting burned if it is not watched, and many tell-tale alarm devices which do away with any need for care.

Streets and factories are already made to light themselves up at twilight by means of photo-electric cells: and electric trains stop themselves if the signals are against them in case of an accident on the part of the driver.

A SPARK FROM THE ENGINE

The Riviera and Its Forest Fires

DEVICE THAT BEATS THE INVENTOR

Forest fires have been raging again on the Riviera, and once more the beginning of the trouble is found in the work of an old offender.

A spark from a passing locomotive engine caused the fire, and the sweeping down of the mistral, a strong wind chilled by the Alps, quickly spread flame and ruin over a wide area of which the limits have not yet been reached.

For many years there has been a standing offer of thousands of pounds for the invention of a device which will prevent or arrest sparks from railway engines. But summer after summer, in England the home of railways, as in every other land to which railways have spread, beauty is marred and property destroyed by fires arising from these flying sparks. Probably the cure will not be found except by the substitution of oil-burning engines or electric trains.

Fire and Flora Meet

The Riviera fires and their cause evidence a strange conflict in the development of human progress. The Riviera is enriched by a flora which hardly seems to belong to Europe. With its splendid climate it grows plants and trees which had their homes in practically every tropical or subtropical land, the giant eucalyptus and exquisite mimosa of Australia, and the palms and dates, the grapes and oranges, of Africa. All goes well so long as the weather is hot—there is no winter such as we know. But in the presence of a still newer engine of progress, the coal-burning locomotive, fire and flora meet and the end is devastation. Yet for the time being we could not dispense with the locomotive.

Fatal Frosts

On the other hand, when frost comes to the Riviera, as occasionally it does, the effects are like those of fire. The tropical trees stand seared and black in summer as if bonfires had burned about them.

The frosts which are fatal visitations in their winters we in this land actually need. Up and down England today fields may be seen left bare. It is not because farmers do not know how or are unwilling to cultivate them. The reason is that they have not had the frosts which soil needs for its good, so every fourth year such a field is allowed to lie bare for the Sun to work upon and do the work for English acres at midsummer which frost does for Scotland and the North of England every winter.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Last year's Drink Bill in the Irish Free State increased by over a million pounds.

Since the League of Nations was founded 341 prominent Americans have sat on its commissions and committees.

The excellent practice is now growing up among motorists of carrying small fire extinguishers on their cars.

29 Tons of Air Mail

Over 29 tons of air mail was carried from London in three months this year, an increase of seven tons on the same quarter in 1929.

The Britannic

We regret that the other day we gave the weight of the Britannic, when loaded, as 3600 tons. This should, of course, have been 36,000 tons.

Rich Harvest of the Sea

In the first six months of this year British fishermen landed 82 million pounds more fish than in the same period last year.

THE FILM RIDICULOUS

How Far the Screen Can Go

The kinema is one of the cleverest ideas that ever came into the world.

Admiral Byrd is one of the bravest men who ever went to Antarctica.

Yet this is how the kinema business brings the two together in trying to show the world something of Admiral Byrd's courageous flight. We take this notice of the film, *With Byrd at the South Pole*, from The Times, and reproduce it here because it seems to us typical of the way in which the Movies and the Squawkies together make the world appear ridiculous.

It is hard to believe that the South Pole can be vulgarised, but it has now been done and done thoroughly. One would have supposed that the Antarctic plateau would have rejected the atmosphere of the studios, but Paramount has marvellously subdued it—has spilt polysyllabic heroics over it, has decorated it with sentimental ribbons, has trodden it with captions and tickled it with humour, has supplied it with brass bands and flags and letters from home, and photographs of the explorers' children on the croquet lawns of Massachusetts, has, in brief, found it snow and left it slush.

No Sense of Proportion

The duty of those who set out to make a kinematographic record of such an expedition as Admiral Byrd's is to record what they see and to keep themselves and their inventions in the background. Who wants photographs of photographers when he can have a picture of a whale? The spectator should be allowed to preserve his sense of proportion from assault and not be continually asked to associate Admiral Byrd's 20 hours of courageous flying with the achievement and endurance of Amundsen and Scott.

If the film had been made with reasonable restraint it would have been of value. Pictures of great beauty are contained in it, the photographers having used their cameras well. The icy sea, the ship nosing her way through it, the movement of the dog-teams against a white background, the scenes in the base-camp of frozen masses illuminated by night—these alone, if they had been left alone, would have made a good film.

Improving on Nature

But the studios may be relied upon to improve on Nature and not to recognise austere beauty when they see it. It is not enough that an aeroplane is in the air over a white continent. A talkie voice must for ever be striving to "work up drama" by telling us that Byrd is doing this and doing that while we are with our own eyes watching him do it; the poor man cannot pick up a sextant or look out of a window without his action being described in a tense and breathless growl. And when he has dropped the Stars and Stripes on to the South Pole, still it is not enough. "Swiftly the newspaper man flashes out his message"—and there in the base camp is someone heightening drama on a typewriter. Just as, when we were at sea, pathos was provided in a close-up of a sea-sick dog, so now humour is needed. "The men are eager to know how high was the Pole," says the screen, and sniggers.

Unpardonable

All this may, perhaps, be pardoned as mere silliness, but one essay of the caption-writer is, at least in England, unpardonable. A dog has fallen ill. It is necessary to take him out and shoot him. "Another very gallant gentleman," says the screen, "walks his last mile." It is, after all, not surprising that the organisation which permitted this and was proud of it was also able to provide, with evident complacency, enough petty vulgarisms to make even the Antarctic ridiculous.

A WORD FOR THE WHALES

The League to the Rescue of Leviathan

BRINGING ABOUT AN UNDERSTANDING

When whalebone for crinolines and umbrellas went out of fashion a kindly old lady feared that the whales would lose their occupation. "What will the whales do now, poor things?" she asked.

Science and humanity have been asking the same question, but on different grounds. The coming of the motorship, with its explosive harpoons fired from guns, has brought such profit as to cause whaling ships to teem in once lonely waters, and there is a fear that whales may become extinct.

That many-sided benefactor of the world the League of Nations has come mightily to the aid of the Leviathan. At the time of writing it is practically certain that they will bring about an agreement among the great maritime countries for uniform legislation in regard to the hunting of the whale.

Periods of Grace

The countries chiefly concerned are Great Britain and her Dominions, the United States, France, Japan, Norway, and Portugal. If these Powers agree, as surely they will, whales will be given periods of grace as birds and beasts are. The killing of the females and young whales will be, if not prohibited, at least rigorously restricted. Then all the nations concerned will act together upon lines tried from time to time by individual nations in unassisted efforts to save these splendid creatures of the deeps.

A similar but even more remarkable understanding was reached by a Four-Power pact in regard to fur seals 19 years ago. England, Japan, America, and Russia had all been competing for the seals, and as the land homes of these animals are now restricted to two groups of islands the sealers had been in the habit of killing the animals as they made their great swims through thousands of miles of sea to the rookeries where they were to bring forth their young.

A Remarkable Agreement

The loss was terrible, for of the animals killed more sank to the bottom of the sea than were recovered, and the whole species seemed in danger of destruction. The only way to preserve them was to confine hunting to the land, where every seal killed could be recovered, and to exercise discretion in the number selected for sacrifice.

By a remarkable international agreement the four Powers agreed that for the next 15 years not one fur seal should be killed at sea. This practically handed over the whole business to America and Russia, who said to England and Japan, in effect: "If you abstain from killing fur seals at sea we will each give you 15 per cent of our annual catch."

That was a foundation of international goodwill and understanding upon which the League of Nations may very well build for the preservation of the whales.

THE BEST ACCENT

A fine thing has just been said at a conference of Rural Community Councils held at Queen's College, Oxford.

Discussing music and drama in the villages Mr M. G. Farquharson remarked that some people thought one could not act Shakespeare unless one had an educated accent. "I do not think it would matter at all if Shakespeare were acted in dialect," he added. "All that is necessary is the accent of sincerity."

Is that not the best accent in the world? Touraine thinks it has the best French accent, and Oxford thinks it has the best English accent; but is it not the accent of sincerity that makes beautiful words more beautiful, and goes to the hearer's heart?

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A WORD OR TWO ABOUT THE ZOO

WHAT OF THE BIRDS?

Some Things That Might Perhaps Be Better Done

MORE AVIARIES WANTED

We yield to none in our appreciation of the wonderful changes that have been made at the Zoo, but we are constrained to print these notes from a lover of birds and a public man who has lately been there.

For some unexplained reason birds, the most beautiful of all living creatures, seem to be the pariahs of the London Zoo.

A wonderful aquarium has been constructed, and what was once a big summer aviary has become the site of an extensive Reptile House. The great parrot tribe, however, is fobbed off with the old refreshment room, where cages which have done duty for untold years are ranged in rows, confining many creatures which never ought to be put into cages at all.

Snakes Fed in Secret

It is astonishing that the Zoo should invest a considerable amount of capital to make a comfortable home for a snake which the public never really sees. Snakes have to be fed in secret, for it is a horrible business; why keep them at all while making no proper homes for parrots, and while specimens of the beautiful species of Australian parakeets, which it is nothing short of cruelty to keep in cages, pine out their lives on a small perch.

Thus also with the lories and the lorikeets, creatures of amazing beauty and most amusing characteristics. The Zoo confines these naturally lively birds in small compartments when they might live happy lives and gladden the eyes of the beholder in fine out-door aviaries, where some of them would reproduce their kind. The Society spends a good deal of money on flower-beds; we wonder it does not occur to those in authority that birds are lovelier than flowers, and that the gardens could be beautified by charming aviaries with seats in front which would be much used by the public.

Condemned to Cages

Curiously, among the birds which have considerable accommodation at the Zoo are the vultures and eagles. It is a strange fancy which gives room and prominence to some of the most repulsive of all living creatures and condemns lories and lorikeets to cages.

Thus also with the many varieties of small perching birds. There has been welcome improvement in respect of many of these creatures, but it is regrettable to see so many small ornamental finches looking huffed and miserable in the indoor cages in the Bird House. Here, again, most attractive exhibits could be made in the gardens. Artistic structures devoted, for example, to the wax-bills or the tanagers, or to the Australian grass-finches, would be centres of the deepest interest.

Blossom and Plumage

Such families of birds as these could be housed in aviaries (keeping the distinct families apart) planted as flower gardens in which the contrasted beauty of blossom and plumage would be a revelation to those who have merely seen birds in cages. The designing of such aviaries in a fashion which would give the birds an opportunity to breed while they would be naturally and effectively displayed to the public is a problem which those who are interested in birds and bird life have not found it difficult to solve.

With a little money and thought (more thought than money) the Zoo could make birds one of the chief features of the Gardens.

A VERY GREAT DOCTOR

HE KNEW THE BRONTËS

Famous Man Who Went About Doing Good

SIR CLIFFORD ALLBUTT

Sir Humphry Rolleston has written the Life of Sir Thomas Clifford Allbutt, who was Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge and won worldwide fame for his writings about medicine.

When a doctor writes about a doctor we must expect to find many passages which ordinary people cannot understand, but Clifford Allbutt loved books, music, and men so well that his biography could not be dull.

He knew the Brontës, George Eliot, and Thomas Hardy. Lydgate, the hero of Middlemarch, is said to have been founded on him, and George Eliot admitted that "Dr Allbutt's early career at Leeds had given her suggestions."

High Ideals

Both Allbutt and Lydgate had high ideals and were suddenly attracted to medicine by reading a book. Both studied in Paris, both settled in a provincial town from scorn of London snobbery, and both made a great success by treating fever on a new plan.

The new plan was fresh air. When typhus raged at Leeds Allbutt had the hospital windows taken out, and the sick made remarkable recoveries. He had heard that in Ireland certain people who were dying of typhus were carried out to the roadside to breathe their last, and recovered.

However, Lydgate did not invent the short clinical thermometer, and Allbutt did. Every house has a thermometer in its medicine chest today, and we are apt to forget that the handy little implement was not in general use till the second half of the nineteenth century.

Thermometer a Foot Long

In 1865 C. A. Wunderlich was using a thermometer nearly a foot long which had to be kept in the armpit for 20 to 25 minutes; then, two years later, Allbutt introduced the short thermometer which can be carried in the pocket and will give a patient's temperature in a few minutes. Soon every doctor and nurse was armed with one.

That is an invention we can all understand; his other work only scholar physicians can estimate. Perhaps his greatest literary service to medicine was editing the System of Medicine in 1896. It needed much patience. One distinguished doctor brought along a bundle of scraps of paper and envelopes upon which he had scrawled his article during train journeys. He explained that he had tried to get it typed, but the typist could not read it. Luckily the printer could.

Love of Literature

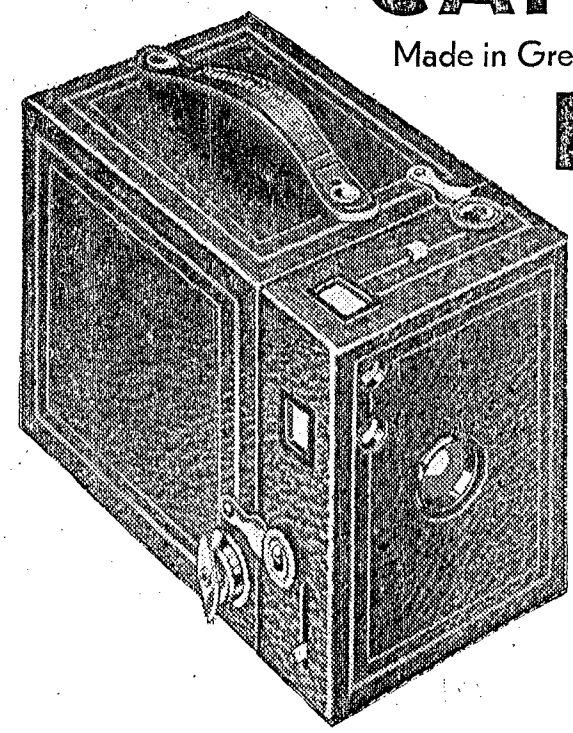
Allbutt himself wrote beautiful English. Perhaps his love of literature was early kindled by Brontë talk. Charlotte Brontë often visited his father's vicarage, and Allbutt's aunt Margaret Wooler was her greatest friend. Allbutt says Charlotte seemed dull and ordinary and no one would have guessed she had genius. But Emily Brontë was different: she was "gey ill to live wi' and most disagreeable," and the only person who could get on with her was Charlotte.

Allbutt, who was born in 1836, died in 1925, and went for long tramps in the Lake District at 88. All his long life he was doing good, lighting the darkness of ignorance, helping crippled children, the mentally diseased, and the consumptives at Papworth, and all his life he rejoiced in the faith that "The spirit of God is working out His purposes . . . and we are fellow workers with Him toward perfection, somehow and somewhere." It will be a happy thing for us if there is an Allbutt among medical students today.

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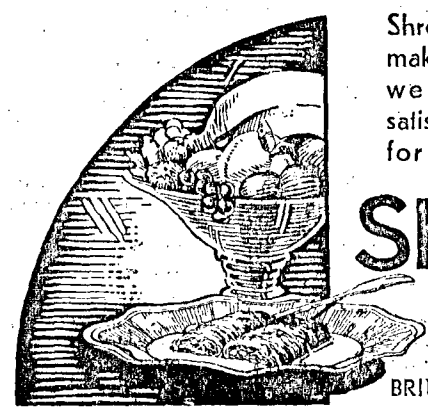
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BRITONS MAKE IT—IT MAKES BRITONS

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CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 39
The Cave

YES, the Dolphin was gone, and the water of the lagoon lay smooth and empty under the Moon. Jim's spirits, which had risen at the prospect of getting clear of the abominable mangrove swamp, sank again to his very boots. He was worn out, hungry, terribly thirsty, and this seemed the last straw. Motu, seeing the look of despair on the boy's face, tried to comfort him.

"Marse Don, he gone look for you. He be back plenty soon."

Jim felt suddenly ashamed of his despair.

"I hope you're right, Motu. Perhaps you are. And, anyhow, there's fresh water on the beach. Let's see if we can get across. A good drink and a good sleep is what we all need."

"Dat right," agreed Motu. "I tink we get to beach. I find way." He started along the rim of the mangroves and the others followed. It was not likely that there were crocodiles here in the salt water, so they were able to go more quickly. Also they had the moonlight to guide them, and in a little while they came opposite the beach but separated from it by a channel some thirty yards wide.

"I tink we swim," said Motu.

Jim hesitated. "What about sharks?"

"I no tink sharks come here," Motu answered. "I go first and see."

"Nonsense!" said Jim. "We'll all go together. If we splash well we shall be all right." In he went. The water was warm as new milk and very refreshing after the foulness of the swamp. Half a dozen strokes and they were in their depth, and waded up on to the beach. It was a good half-mile walk along under the cliffs but it was delightful to Jim to have dry sand under his feet and to feel free of the danger of crocodiles, crabs, and head-hunters. It was still more pleasant to reach the spring and kneel down and drink the cool, fresh water, and after that wash away the mire of the swamp. At last Jim rose to his feet.

"I wonder," he said to Motu, "if my brother left any message."

"I tink he sure leave letter," agreed Motu. "I look."

Kupa caught Motu by the arm.

"You no move," he whispered. "Someone come." There were bushes around the spring and the three crouched down under their cover.

Nearly a minute passed and then Jim heard something. Footsteps were crossing the sand, and by the sound were being made by bare feet. Jim was scared, for it seemed certain that natives were about, though how they had got down the cliffs he could not tell.

The steps came nearer and Jim, peering through the bush, saw someone coming toward them. The light was not very good but it was enough to show that this man was wearing trousers, and that he carried a rifle. So at any rate he was not a head-hunter.

Kupa sprang up. "It Parami!" he cried in delight.

Jim was up like a shot. "Parami!" he almost shouted.

"Marse Jim!" cried Parami joyfully, and next moment Jim had hold of the brown man's hands and was shaking them vigorously.

"Where's my brother?" he asked.

"Cap'n gone look for you, Marse Jim. I see Cap'n Jansen steal you 'way, but we not able help because have no boat. So we hurry mend schooner and soon as he finished Marse Dón sail down coast."

"When did they go?"

"Yesterday in afternoon," Parami answered. "They leave me so I meet you if you come back."

"Splendid! I can't tell you how glad I am to see you. But I'm worried about the Captain. Jansen's schooner is on the beach five or six miles east of this, but he's got a lot of men and I'm scared they may attack the Dolphin."

Parami shook his head. "Cap'n, he not take chances. He pretty clever."

"But he may go ashore to look for me," urged Jim.

"I think he find out you get away and come back pretty soon," said Parami quietly. "How you get away, Marse Jim?"

"It's a long story," Jim answered. "It was Motu and Kupa who got me out. But see here, Parami. We're pretty near starving. Can you rustle up anything to eat? And while we feed we can tell you all about it."

"I make you supper," said Parami, and turned quickly away in the direction of the cliff. The others followed and he led them into the mouth of a cave new to Jim.

"We find him day after you go," Parami explained. "Cap'n say good place to sleep."

"A jolly good place," agreed Jim, as he noticed how very narrow the mouth was and how it was almost hidden by a mass of trailing convolvulus which hung down from above. Inside, however, there was plenty of room, and a crack in the roof acted as chimney. A hurricane lamp gave light, and Parami had built a fireplace of stones and got plenty of fuel. He soon had a fire going and in a few minutes the savoury smell of frying bacon made Jim's mouth water.

In little more than a quarter of an hour a meal was ready. Motu and Kupa were even hungrier than Jim, and Parami had to fry a second panful of bacon.

"My word, I never knew bacon could be so good," said Jim as he finished his plate. "More coffee, please, Parami."

Parami filled up his mug and Jim drank it all before he began to talk. Parami leaned forward a little and Jim saw his big brown eyes glistening in the lamplight as he listened to the story of the escape. When Jim had finished Parami nodded.

"Cap'n he be very pleased when he hear," he stated, "and I think he be very pleased with Motu and Kupa too."

"So he will," agreed Jim. "It took a bit of pluck to tackle those sentries. I'd never have got away without their help."

Motu and Kupa grinned rather bashfully but said nothing.

"And you got red pearls, Marse Jim?" said Parami. Jim fished out the cartridge.

"Here they are, Parami, and here they'd better stay until I can hand them over to the Captain." He leaned back against the wall of the cave and yawned. "I'm dead sleepy, Parami. Can you keep watch while I get forty winks?"

Parami smiled and nodded.

"I watch. You sleep," he said.

Jim lay back on the soft sand. "Wake me if the Dolphin comes," he said, then his eyes closed and all in a moment he was sound asleep. Kupa and Motu followed his example and Parami went softly to the mouth of the cave, squatted down and sat gazing out over the moonlit surface of the calm lagoon.

CHAPTER 40
Honour Among Thieves

"MARSE JIM, Marse Jim—ship come." Jim, struggling up out of deep sleep, opened his eyes and looked up into Parami's face. A shaft of sunlight struck down through the rift in the roof of the cave, making a patch of strong light in the gloom. Motu and Kupa still lay where they had dropped, both sound asleep.

"Ship come," repeated Parami.

Jim sat up. "What—the Dolphin?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"No, Marse Jim." Parami's face was curiously grave. "It Cap'n Mark's launch."

Jim stared. "Mark's launch," he repeated. "Who's in it? Not Gabe Paran?"

Parami nodded. "That's right," he said.

"Right! It's all wrong," growled Jim. "I never dreamed the beggars would find the launch. Are they all here—his Malays, I mean?"

Again Parami nodded.

"Do you mean they're in the lagoon?"

"They in lagoon. They coming this beach," said Parami.

Jim bit his lip. "What on earth could have brought them here?"

"It just place for them, Marse Jim. Cliffs make him safe and I think they want water."

"Yes," said Jim slowly. "That's about the size of it. And what are we going to do, for they'll be right in on top of us?"

This time Parami did not nod. On the contrary he shook his head.

"They not find us if we not make noise. I cover up mouth of cave quite safe."

"Then we can't see out."

"We see out. You come see," said Parami.

Jim followed him to the entrance and found that Parami had pulled the vines down all over the crack so that the odds were long against anyone spotting that there was any sort of hole in the cliff. But by lying flat on the floor and lifting the vines a little it was easy enough to see out across the lagoon.

The very first thing Jim saw was the launch. The Sun, high in the sky, blazed down upon the lagoon, twinkling on the ripples raised by the sea breeze, and showing up with pitiless clearness the scarred and cruel face of Gabe Paran and the brown skins and slitted eyes of his rascally Malays. Gabe was at the tiller, steering the launch straight in toward the clump of bushes which marked the spring. Jim knew that he and his companions were in a very tight place and took command at once.

"Parami, go back and wake Motu and Kupa and warn them to keep quiet."

Parami hurried away. Jim lay watching the invaders and trying to consider what was best to do.

Presently Parami was back beside him.

"Parami," said Jim, "got any water in the cave?"

"One bucket, Marse Jim."

"Good man. We shall have to make it last, for there's no going out so long as these people are here."

He spoke in a very low voice for the launch was now quite close to the beach. Next minute it had touched the sand, and instantly its crew flung themselves out, splashed ashore and fairly raced for the spring. Jim saw that they were all half mad with thirst. But Gabe did not give them long to drink and in a very few minutes was driving them back.

They scowled and muttered but were evidently afraid of him and of the heavy pistol which swung at his waist, and he made them pull the launch right up on the sand until she was clear of the water. The ugly Achinese Kapak came up and spoke to him, and to Jim's surprise in quite good English.

"You'd better let them feed, Cap'n," he said. "They'll work better after they've eaten." Gabe scowled, but agreed, and gave a curt order in their own language. At once the men got busy. One set to lighting a fire, another got out a cooking pot from the launch, a third took it and filled it with water at the spring. They boiled a quantity of rice, which was dished out on to tin plates and eaten with nasty-looking dried fish. Gabe had a couple of flying-fish which Kapak grilled for him over the fire, but Kapak ate rice like the rest. After eating the Malays lit long brown cigarettes and lay loafing in the shade.

As there was nothing else to do Jim lay flat on his face and watched them. Gabe gave them half an hour to rest and smoke, then got up and issued sharp orders. Presently they were all crowding round the launch. They laid her over on her side and Jim saw that the keel was damaged, part of it being split away.

Parami spoke in Jim's ear. "They mend her, Marse Jim, then they go."

"It's a pretty big job," replied Jim doubtfully. "They'll hardly finish it today. And where will they get the stuff to do it? There's no timber."

This was true, but Gabe was equal to the difficulty, and they heard him tell Kapak to get out some of the bottom boards. Kapak spoke to two of the men, who at once climbed into the launch.

Suddenly one of them gave a queer guttural exclamation and lifted out a heavy sack, which he flung on the beach. It burst as it fell and a mass of metal flakes gleamed dully in the sun glare.

Jim gasped. "They've found the gold!" he said to Parami. In his excitement he spoke out loud; but there was no risk of the men outside hearing him—they were far too excited. They flung themselves into the launch and hauled out bag after bag. They cut them open and ran their brown fingers through the glittering dust. Gabe and Kapak had their work cut out to drive them off and force them to close up the bags again and lay them aside.

Gabe forced them to carry on with the repairs, and for the rest of the day they were busy. Just before dusk the work was completed, and the Malays settled down to cook supper. As for the prisoners in the cave, they of course could not light a fire and had to put up with biscuits, a tin of bully beef, and cold water.

After their supper Gabe and Kapak sat together with their backs against the cliff close under the mouth of the cave and talked. Low as they spoke, Jim and Parami could hear every word. Gabe was very pleased.

"A real bit o' luck finding that stuff," he said with an ugly chuckle. "I wouldn't wonder if it was worth more than all those pearls of Jansen's."

"You going to share up with him?" asked Kapak softly.

Gabe fixed his pale eyes on the other's face. "What are you getting at?"

"We've got the launch," Kapak answered; "what do we want with the schooner? I'd say clear out before Jansen gets to know anything about this gold."

Gabe sat silent a while. It was a minute or so before he spoke. "Not a bad notion, Kapak, but I reckon it's a bit too late to try a game like that. There's the Stiletto coming right up the coast this minute."

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO IN THE GRASS

IT was a splendid fruit year, and Mother Jacko had never made so many pots of jam. Strawberries, raspberries, currants—everything went into the big stewing-pan.

Jacko loved jam, but he liked fruit in the garden even better. He hated always being told that he mustn't pick this, that, and the other.



They certainly didn't miss Jacko

"And I particularly want to keep the cherries in the orchard," said Mother Jacko, "for bottling."

"Better tell the birds to keep away!" said Jacko sarcastically. It was the last straw.

But Mother Jacko couldn't keep Jacko away from the cherries any more than the birds. She had some netting put up and hoped for the best, but the cherries disappeared all the same.

The fact was that the orchard was some way from the house, and Jacko found he could spend many happy hours climbing the trees without being seen.

He was having a splendid feast one day when, to his horror, he saw Mother Jacko and Belinda coming down the garden armed with large baskets. They stopped a minute to admire some flowers, and while their backs were turned Jacko slipped down from his perch.

But there was only one way out of the orchard, and nowhere to hide—all he could do was to lie flat in the long grass and hope he wouldn't be seen.

But he managed to fall on a nettle, which made him wriggle; and unfortunately Belinda had sharp ears.

"What was that?" she exclaimed. "I heard something in the grass."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mother Jacko, looking really alarmed. "I've always thought there might be snakes in this orchard. Give me that stick, Belinda, and get one yourself!"

Whack! went the sticks, while Mother Jacko and Belinda beat the grass; they didn't miss a single inch.

They certainly didn't miss Jacko. A specially good thud brought the young rascal out of his hiding-place, distinctly the worse for wear!

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Hoxton Market Christian Mission, N.1.
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 9, 1930 — Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Shuffled Names

The groups of letters below contain the names of three seaside resorts in the North-West of England. Three letters from each are included in each of the groups, and these letters have been taken as they stand and rearranged.

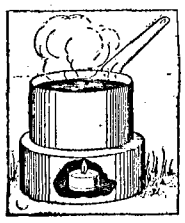
For example, supposing one of the words to be Llandudno, the letters LLA, NDU and DNO would appear together, but not in sequence.

BEM	ROM	PHT
TOR	LAB	CEA
LOO	OUS	PCK

Answer next week

A Camp Heater

When boiling water is required in camp surprisingly good results can be obtained from this easily-made heater.



A round tin such as tongues are packed in is used. The lid has already been taken off, of course, and all that is necessary is to put a night-light under the inverted tin, holes having been previously punched in the top and round the sides. A saucepan of water stood on this miniature stove will boil up quite quickly.

Early Use of Tea

When tea was first introduced into this country the people were sometimes puzzled as to the preparation of it. As an instance it is recorded that a lady of Penrith, having been sent a pound of tea and not knowing how to use it, boiled the whole up in a bottle. She then sat down with some friends to eat the leaves with butter and salt. They wondered afterwards how such a diet could appeal to anyone.

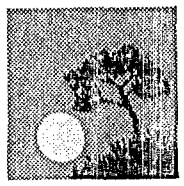
Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in relish and also in zest,
My second's in better and also in best,
My third is in crotchet and also in breve,
My fourth is in visit and also in leave,
My fifth is in comrade and also in friend,
My sixth is in giving and also in lend,
My seventh's in seaboard and also in coast,
My eighth is in boiling and also in roast,
My ninth is in country and also in town,
My whole was a writer of great renown.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

In the morning the planets Mars and Jupiter are in the East. In the evening Venus is in the West and Saturn is in the South. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 11 p.m. on Monday, August 11.



The Hornet Fly

If you are spending your holidays at any place where there are downs close to the sea you will probably see a brilliant yellow and black fly which looks very much like a wasp. It is the hornet fly.

This creature preys on other insects, and is rarely seen without one in its grasp, holding it fiercely with its forelegs and beak, which is driven into its victim's body.

Ici On Parle Français



Le camée — Le veau — Un appareil

Les camées sont sculptés en relief.
Ce jeune veau a l'air bien timide.
Où est l'appareil photographique ?

Prefix Puzzle

Make the following changes by adding the same letter in each case.

Change a geometrical figure into a cake.
Change a deep shovel into a confined place.
Change the innermost part into a mark.
Change a cereal seed into contempt.
Change a monk's hood into an unpleasant look.
Change a minor ailment into a rebuke.
Change an American coin into an odour.
Change a border into a plant allied to the grasses.
Change an outfit into a burlesque.
Change a sail into a land mollusc.
Change a bird into a part of a ship.

Answers next week

Do You Live at Llandudno ?

The meaning of this name is the Church of St. Tudno, and the place is named after a sanctuary dedicated to this saint of the early sixth century.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Greengrocer's Currants

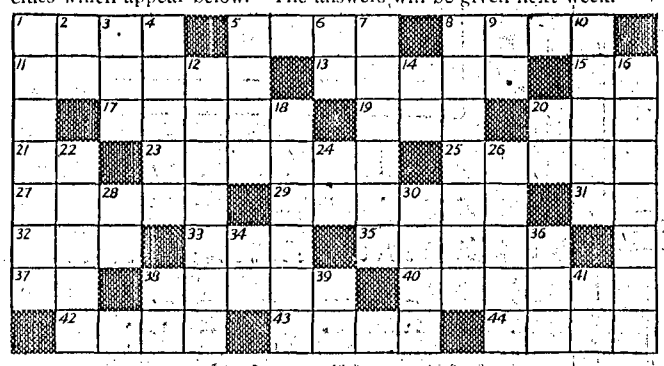
60 lb at 9d
40 lb at 4d

Squares and Circles

JUPITER
usinore
NEPTUNE
edeored

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

There are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answers will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Colt. 5. Geological formation. 8. The Thames at Oxford. 11. Whole. 13. Twists. 15. Chemical symbol for iridium. 17. To throw out. 19. Winged animal. 20. Fixed point of time. 21. Chemical symbol for tin. 23. Opposite of love. 25. Orchestra of eight. 27. Where ships unload. 29. South American reptile. 31. North Carolina*. 32. Also. 33. Smelted for iron. 35. To choose. 37. Roman Catholic*. 38. A cavern. 40. To stick. 42. English trees. 43. Avoid. 44. Cardinal point of compass.

Reading Down. 1. Mineral group. 2. Above but touching. 3. Devoured. 4. Comes from the Sun. 5. In case. 6. Preposition. 7. Quell. 8. Pronounced with a musical tone. 9. Steamship*. 10. Instrument making a piercing noise. 12. Grounds. 14. Royal Academician*. 16. A pawl. 18. Those who try. 20. French for *and*. 22. Same as once. 24. For example*. 26. Hole in ground. 28. Rural Dean*. 30. Boy's name. 34. Right*. 36. A hot beverage. 38. Exists. 39. Exclamation of surprise. 41. Royal Society*.

Dr MERRYMAN

Capped

Jack was a terror for mislaying his things.

"Anybody seen my cap?" he asked.

"It's hanging on the oven door-handle," said his sister Elsie.

"Where's the next silly place it will be found, I wonder?" queried Jack.

"On your head, I expect," said Elsie sweetly.

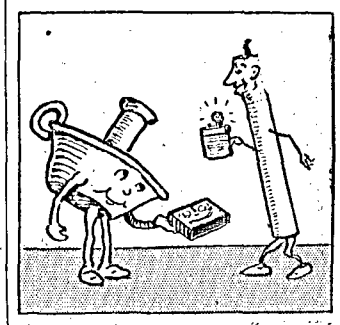
A Good Suggestion

Bridget had more enthusiasm for politics than for housework.

"Yes, mum," she said one morning, "our party is going to sweep the country."

"Then why not start in the kitchen?" asked her mistress.

Up-To-Date



"If you were burning," quoth the Stick,
"Twould make things so much brighter."
"Don't waste a match," the Candle said,
"I have a patent lighter."

Complete Agreement

Two boys appeared to be in trouble.

"Here, what is the argument?" asked an elderly gentleman.

"There's no argument, sir," replied one of the young rascals. "We are in complete agreement. Billy thinks I am not going to give him half this apple—and I think the same."

Correct

The teacher asked the class: "What do we get if we cut a beefsteak in two?"

"Halves," was the unanimous reply.

"Cut in two again?" was the next question.

"Quarters," from most of the class.

"Cut those parts into fours?"

"Sixteenths," from one or two bright scholars.

"And those into fours again?"

"Minced beef," came from one bright boy.

Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

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TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

Beatrice would often go for walks with Miss Allen, pushing her scooter beside Miss Allen's bath-chair, with Miss Allen's little Yorkshire terrier Dandy running behind.

Miss Allen, who lived next door, was very old—in fact, she was just going to be eighty. Beatrice, who was not yet eight herself, could hardly believe it.

Beatrice very much wanted to give the old lady a lovely birthday present, for Miss Allen always remembered Beatrice's birthday and gave her a present, and sometimes invited her to tea and gave her sweets. So Beatrice thought she would like to give Miss Allen something she wanted very much.

The little girl wasn't very good at sewing, and, anyway, Miss Allen had lots of mats.



At last they managed it

And Mummy thought she had enough pictures.

"Well, what can I give her, Mummy?" asked Beatrice; "it's her birthday on Saturday, you know."

"Why don't you take a photo of Dandy for her with your new camera?" suggested Mummy. "I don't think she has one. I am sure she would like that."

Beatrice clapped her hands. "What a lovely idea!" she cried; "and it'll be a terrific surprise for Miss Allen."

So the next time she saw Dandy outside the gate Beatrice enticed him into their garden, and Mummy helped her to take a snapshot of him. It took a little time, for Dandy didn't seem very anxious to sit for his portrait; but at last they managed it.

"Don't tell Miss Allen, Dandy," Beatrice whispered; and the little dog wagged his tail as if to say, "Of course not. I shouldn't think of it."

DANDY'S PORTRAIT

How eagerly Beatrice waited for the prints to come from the chemist! And when they arrived they were splendid. So Mummy bought a frame for the photograph, and directly after breakfast on Saturday Beatrice took Miss Allen the little parcel.

She could hardly control her excitement as she watched the old lady undo the string.

"Well, well!" said Miss Allen, throwing up her hands; "what a splendid portrait of Dandy! Why, only the other day I was saying that Dandy must have his photo taken. This is the nicest present I have had."

Beatrice clapped her hands with delight, and Dandy jumped up as if he wanted to see his portrait too.

Cooling!

When days are hot and close, drink a glass of zestful, pleasant-tasting Andrews. Cooling and blood-cooling Andrews refreshes and invigorates, too!

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S.S.